AN

# APOLOGY

FOR THE

# LIFE

OF

GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

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BELLAMY'S APOLOGY. Vol. I.

*Elopement from Covent Garden Theatre*

Letter 38

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# AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY,

LATE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

## WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

Her Original Letter to JOHN CALCRAFT, Esq; advertised to be published in October, 1767, but which was then violently suppressed.

"The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, Good and Ill together; our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt them not; and our Crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our Virtues."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Act iv. Scene 3.

*THE FOURTH EDITION.*

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AN

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# GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

## LETTER XXIX.

May 16, 17—.

THE moment I was informed of Mr. Quin's return to town, I waited on him to apologize for the unpardonable neglect I had been guilty of, in leaving England without paying my reſpects to him. I found at his apartments Sir George (ſince Lord) Lyttelton, Thomſon, Mallet, and Smollett. As I had been already introduced to thoſe gentlemen, and was upon a footing of intimacy with them, I was not ſorry at their being preſent upon the occaſion. Having ſaluted him, I aſſured him that I was happy in the opportunity of clearing myſelf of the error I had committed, before his friends, who had honoured me with their notice upon his account. I acknowledged

that appearances were againſt me; yet, though they were but appearances, I dreaded his cenſure for them, more than that of the whole world. I conjured him, at the ſame time, to acquit me of the ſin of ingratitude, which, though he may have judged me guilty of, my heart was utterly incapable of.

Whether ſincerity ſpoke in my eyes, and pleaded my cauſe for me, I cannot ſay; but he immediately gave me a kiſs of reconciliation; ſaying, after he had done ſo, "My dear girl, I was hurt at your con-"tempt and inattention, as I ſincerely *had* your wel-"fare at heart." Notwithſtanding this ſeeming cordiality gave me pleaſure, the word *had*, on which he laid an emphaſis, alarmed my fears, and prevented my being ſo happy as I ſhould otherwiſe have been. The gentlemen in company were all glad to ſee me, eſpecially Thomſon, who enquired for his relation and my friend, Mrs. Jackſon. But I could give him no information, as ſhe had retired into the country, and all my attempts to find her out had been ineffectual. Mr. Quin adviſed me to make my appearance in Belvidera. And as I had not a doubt of ſucceeding in any character I undertook, it was equal to me what was fixed on.

Upon our ſettling in lodgings, Miſs O'Hara, Lord Tyrawley's eldeſt daughter, who by ſome means or other had diſobliged his Lordſhip, came to live with us,

us. This circumſtance was very agreeable to me, as well as to my mother. She in particular was pleaſed with it. For as ſhe was now entirely engroſſed by her meditations, which were uſually employed on two different ſubjects, namely her favourite Mr. Crump, and the approach of a more agreeable figure called *Death*, ſhe was glad I had a companion in whoſe friendſhip ſhe could rely, and who would forward her wiſh; that of uniting me to Mr. Crump. One day my mother being more than uſually importunate on this ſubject, I was ſo diſpleaſed at the odious topic, that I anſwered with great warmth, "I wiſh, "Madam, you would marry him yourſelf. I can "have no objection to him for a *father-in-law*; but "have a moſt inſuperable one to him for a *huſband*." My aſperity ſeemed to grieve my mother much more than it had ever done before. A few months, however, declared her motives, and made her unhappy the reſt of her days.

Mrs. Woffington played the firſt night with her uſual *eclat*, in the character of Sir Henry Wildare; in which ſhe was eſteemed ſo very excellent, that ſome years before, it was the ſupport of the theatre for the whole ſeaſon. Mrs. Ward ſoon followed. Her beautiful face and novelty inſured her applauſe at her firſt appearance. But her ſituation, as well as her figure, being againſt her, ſhe did not conclude

the part of Cordelia with any degree of credit. Mr. Garrick ſtood unrivalled in Lear; but as Mrs. Ward's acting did not tend much to the ſupport of the piece, it was not repeated. The great veteran Quin had not made any of Shakeſpeare's characters his ſtudy, except that of Falſtaff, in which he was inimitable, and that of Henry VIII. in which he likewiſe excelled.

Though Mr. Quin appeared to be reconciled to me, I found, to my ſorrow, that he did not treat me with that conſpicuous tenderneſs and regard he had formerly ſhewn me. His behaviour to me then, as I have already obſerved, was more like that of a fond father towards his darling child, than of a mere well-wiſher. I was now invited but ſeldom to thoſe envied parties, which at once flattered my vanity, and enlightened my underſtanding. And although I had at this time many more admirers, he diſcontinued to favour me with his advice and cordial regard.

Notwithſtanding a timid apprehenſive modeſty is commendable in the younger part of the fair ſex, yet this amiable virtue might be carried to a detrimental extreme. A conſciouſneſs of rectitude, even where appearances are greatly againſt them, will ſupport the innocent under the moſt diſcouraging cenſures; and not only ſupport under them, but ſtimulate to a due exertion

exertion of every means in their power, towards their vindication.—Bold in the purity of my intentions, and conſcious that I had not offended, even in thought, againſt the ſacred laws of chaſtity, though carried off by the contrivance of an avowed admirer, I ſhould have contemned the ſneers of the prude, the exultations of the coquette, the pity of the ſeeming *virtuous*, and the cenſures of the whole world. By ſo doing I ſhould probably have ſoon been able to vindicate my conduct to my friends, and have recovered the character I had ſo undeſervedly loſt.—As the noxious dews of the night are exhaled by the earlieſt rays of the ſun, ſo would the ſcandal with which I was loaded have been quickly diſperſed by the diſcriminating beams of truth. But unhappily a falſe delicacy prompted me to fly from, inſtead of repelling, the caſual attack; and by it, among other inconveniences and misfortunes, I loſt the favour and affection of this worthieſt of men.

At length I was ſoon announced to bring up the rear of our theatrical forces in the character of Belvidera. When, to my great ſurprize, inſtead of the crowded houſe I had flattered myſelf with playing to, it was far from full. This was the more mortifying, as it was unexpected. My own reception indeed, was as warm as it had ever been; but ſtill I was diſſatisfied. At the concluſion of the piece,

however, Mr. Town, whom I have already taken notice of, hearing another piece given out for the following evening, cried out, "The ſame! the "ſame!" The audience joined, as uſual, in the cry; and by this eventual ſtroke, the ſame play, "Venice "Preſerved," was performed, for four ſucceſſive nights, to crowded houſes; and continued one of our moſt drawing performances, to the concluſion of the ſeaſon.

At this period it was cuſtomary to play "Tamerlane" on the 4th of November. That day drew near; and neither Mrs. Woffington nor myſelf had been ſpoken to, relative to it. We were the more ſurpriſed at this ſilence, as Mr. Quin was reputed to be the beſt Bajazet that ever trod the ſtage. One evening, before the piece then performing was concluded, he ſent to the green-room, deſiring to ſpeak with me in his dreſſing-room. I immediately roſe from my ſeat, and went to the door; but hearing voices within, I ſtopped for ſome time, leſt I ſhould interrupt buſineſs, or be one too many. As I ſtood, I diſtinctly heard the Fox ſay, (for Volpone was then exhibiting) "Why, my Lord, we have Woffington "at the receipt of cuſtom, and who bids more!— "Ward, flatter than a half-baked pan-cake—and "little Bellamy as cold as ice, and as conceited as "the devil."

Having

Having heard this fine eulogium, I waited till the laugh, which was partly at my expence, had ſubſided, and then made my appearance. I found, on my entrance, Lord Orford, and Thomſon, who conſtantly attended his friend Quin, and who had brought Shenſtone, ſo much admired for his paſtorals, to make his bow. As ſoon as Mr. Quin ſaw me, he thus accoſted me: "My dear girl, I have a "favour to beg of you, and deſire you will not deny "me." I inſtantly replied, "You can make but "*one* requeſt, Mr. Quin, relative to the theatre, "which I can refuſe you; and I beg you will not "give me ſo ſenſible a pain, as that of not being "able to acquieſce in *every* requeſt of yours." He returned, with a frown, "It is what you point at, "and you had better comply with a good grace, for "you *ſhall* and *muſt* do it."

This threat, as my diſpoſition is not framed to bear compulſion, nettled me ſo much, that, with the air of queen Catherine, I ſaid, "I revere you, ſir, "as a father, and eſteem you as a friend; but if "your requeſt relates to Tamerlane, I muſt tell you, "*that little* Bellamy *has too much conceit to play* "Selima *to ſuch a half-baked pan-cake as* Ward." My aſſumed conſequence ſo highly diverted the company, that good humour was immediately reſtored; and they joined in telling Quin, that, in

order to have ſo amiable and ſpirited a *daughter*, he muſt comply with my wiſhes, and take the beautiful Woffington to *wife*. Mr. Quin was ſo pleaſed at this well-timed retort, wherein I retaliated with ſuch promptitude his ſevere deſcription; and he was at the ſame time ſo charmed with my ſpirit, having hitherto thought me too placid, that he reſtored me, from that moment, to his favour, and I preſided the ſame night at ſupper, as uſual.

When I found myſelf perfectly re-eſtabliſhed in Mr. Quin's favour, I enquired of him the reaſon he had treated me with ſo much coolneſs, after he had aſſured me of his being reconciled to me, and was well convinced of my innocence and ſincerity? He informed me, that my indiſcretion in leaving a London theatre, after I had received ſo many marks of peculiar diſtinction from the public, deſerved the ſevereſt reprobation. He added, that whoever had been my adviſer upon the occaſion was not my friend. As I had every reaſon to conclude myſelf the favourite child of the public, he ſaid, they would certainly have cheriſhed me; and it was treating them, as well as myſelf and him, ill, to deſert them. That I could not avoid obſerving the difference of my preſent ſituation, and it would be a conſiderable time before I recovered the height from which I had fallen. That he felt the diſappointment far more

than

than I did, as he had ſet his heart upon my rivalling the women at the other houſe.

All the company preſent appeared to be of the ſame opinion. And as Mr. Quin's obſervations ſeemed to carry conviction with them, I perceived that I had been very imprudent in taking ſuch a ſtep without his aſſent. I went home, more oppreſſed by his friendſhip than I had been unhappy through his diſpleaſure. And I from that moment formed a reſolution to atone for my paſt indiſcretion, by applying, with unremitted ardour, to the duties of my profeſſion, and to conſult my newly-recovered monitor, upon every concern of the leaſt importance.

Before I conclude this letter, I muſt inform you of the dire event which happened in conſequence of my playing Selima. Mr. Lee, who performed the character of Axalla, approaching with too much violence to embrace me, and not being attentive to the poſition of his ſword, which he held in his hand, the point of it ran into the corner of my right eye. It is uſual for the performers to wear *foils* upon the ſtage; but by ſome miſtake or other, that which Mr. Lee then uſed was a ſword. The wound did not indeed prove to be a dangerous one; but Mr. Town, of whom I have frequently made mention, obſerving the accident, and apprehending that the conſequences of it would be worſe than they really were, he or-

dered, in a peremptory manner, the curtain to be dropped, and the piece to be concluded.

Mr. Lee's name bringing it to my remembrance, I muſt relate an incident to you that happened ſome years after. Upon the demiſe of the late Princeſs of Wales, I was applied to to ſpeak a monody which had been written upon the occaſion, in conjunction with that gentleman, at Carliſle-Houſe, then under the direction of Mrs. Cornellys.

With this requeſt I complied, and made every needful preparation for fulfilling the duty I had undertaken, with all the powers I was miſtreſs of. But alas! when the trying hour approached, I found, to my very great mortification, that my feelings totally bereaved me of thoſe powers. The occaſion revived in my mind, in ſuch ſtrong colours, the partiality her Royal Highneſs had formerly honoured me with, and the loſs the public had ſuſtained by the death of ſo valuable a perſonage, that I was unable to go through the melancholy taſk.

G. A. B.

LETTER XXX.

May 22, 17—.

THE next character I appeared in was that of Athenais, in "Theodoſius." I had no ſooner come upon the ſtage, on the night of its performance, than the firſt object that preſented itſelf to my view was Lord Byron, who had placed himſelf in the ſtage-box. The tremor I was thrown into, by ſeeing a perſon ſo near who had been the cauſe of ſo much diſquietude to me, entirely deprived me of all my powers, and I ſtood for ſome time motionleſs. Mr. Rich and his family, obſerving from their box that I ſuddenly turned pale, which was eaſily diſcernible from my complexion being uſually too florid, he came immediately behind the ſcenes to enquire the reaſon of it. His Lordſhip had by this time quitted his ſeat, and placed himſelf againſt one of the ſide ſcenes, in ſight of the audience. Mr. Rich, having let himſelf in by a private door from the box paſſage, of which he always had a key, found his Lordſhip in this ſituation, and was no longer at a loſs to account for my trepidation.

As Lord Byron knew that our proprietor had in his youthful days been a man of gallantry, he accoſted him with an aſſured look, and ſaid, "Well, "Rich; I am come to take away your Athenias!"

Such a ſalutation could not fail to give offence to a perſon who had always treated me as a daughter, and who poſſeſſed no little ſhare of perſonal courage, united with an humane diſpoſition. He accordingly reproved his Lordſhip, for avowing a deſign of ſo unjuſtifiable a nature, ſo inconſiſtent with humanity and the laws of ſociety, and conſequently ſo much beneath the dignity of a peer. He at the ſame time remonſtrated with his Lordſhip on the cruelty of coming to alarm a young perſon, who had never given him any room to ſuppoſe ſhe approved of his paſſion, and who could not but be apprehenſive from his Lordſhip's preſent conduct. Mr. Rich then ſaid, in a reſolute tone, "I deſire, my "Lord, that you will quit the ſcenes, for I cannot "ſtand tamely by, and ſee my performers inſulted."

His Lordſhip not chuſing to reſent this oppoſition from the manager, ſo as to make a ſerious affair of it, very prudently retired to his ſeat in the ſtage-box, meditating revenge. But he was no ſooner ſeated there, than the audience, who generally engage on the ſide that humanity points out, took the alarm, and obliged his Lordſhip to retire from thence to the front boxes; in the back part of which he concealed himſelf from further inſult.

Mr. Quin not playing that night, he was not at the theatre; but the next evening he was informed

of

of the terror I had undergone. Mr. Thomſon, who had heard of it likewiſe, came to the houſe. As this gentleman paſſed near the back of the ſtage, he heard two perſons in converſation, one of whom ſaid to the other, "I will ſpeak to her to night, or "I will ſhoot my——." The remainder of the ſentence Mr. Thomſon could not catch, but from the former part of it he concluded, that it could be no other than Lord Byron, thus uttering his deſigns in confidence to a friend; and who, in revenge for the diſgrace he had undergone the preceding night, had determined to carry me off.

Mr. Thomſon immediately acquainted Mr. Quin with the diſcourſe he had been witneſs to, who adopted the ſame opinion. Accordingly the latter ſent to me during the performance, and deſired to ſpeak with me as ſoon as my part was finiſhed. His character having concluded in the fourth act, I found him undreſt. The moment he ſaw me, he addreſſed me in a precipitate manner to the following purpoſe: "Madam, we muſt have no chairing it to-night. "You muſt go home under my arm." You may be aſſured I was not a little frightened. But, upon his further aſſuring me that I ſhould be ſafely eſcorted, and that he would ſend for his ſupper to my lodgings, where Mr. Thomſon was to make one of the party, my fears ſubſided.

When

When I was undreſſed, Mr. Quin ordered my chair to be brought from the ſtage-door in Bow-ſtreet, with all the curtains drawn, into the paſſage, that it might be ſuppoſed I was actually in it; whilſt we went through the houſe, and by way of the piazzas, into Taviſtock-ſtreet, where my mother and myſelf then lodged. We conſequently got home before the chair could reach our houſe. When the fellows arrived, they informed us that they had been ſtopped on the way by a man muffled up in a great coat. That at firſt they affected to be unwilling to ſet down their fare; but upon the perſon's being peremptory, they obeyed his orders. He then lifted up the top of the chair, and threw ſomething into it, ſwearing at the ſame time, that if the anſwer was not favourable, he was determined to deſtroy himſelf. Having ſaid this, he put the lid down, and ordered them to carry the lady home.

Our curioſity being excited by this account, Mr. Quin ordered the letter, which had been thrown into the chair, to be taken out. Whilſt this was doing, one of the fellows ſaid, he was ſure the poor gentleman meant no harm to Miſs, as he was one of the beſt men in the world. He added, that he had delivered me a letter from him ſome time ago; but I was ſo angry that he never durſt venture to give me another. "And pray who is that gentleman?" ſaid Mr.

Mr. Quin. "Why, Sir," replied the chairman, "It is his honour Mr. Bullock." The letter being by this time brought, Mr. Quin deſired he might be permitted to read it. It was much againſt my inclination that it ſhould be opened, as I had already received ſo many from the ſame perſon, that I had formed a reſolution to ſend back his epiſtles in future as they came. The letter, however, was read, and the contents found to breathe nothing but love and madneſs. The inditer of it was a young gentleman of good expectations, being heir to a conſiderable eſtate. He was educated at Cambridge, and had not yet left college. His perſon was remarkably handſome, but the violence of his behaviour terrified inſtead of engaging me. Mr. Quin, who was well acquainted with his father, put the letter into his pocket, and promiſed to bring the young man to reaſon.

We had juſt ſat down to ſupper, when a waiter came from the Bedford-Head Tavern, with a letter directed for me. Here I cannot avoid ſtopping a minute to trouble you with another *ſoliloquy*. I think that word is full as applicable to a moral reflection when written alone, as when ſpoken alone; at leaſt I ſhall uſe it upon this occaſion, as I cannot juſt now find another more expreſſive; and beg a truce with your criticiſm.—But to come to this ſame ſoliloquy.

—To

—To what continual ſolicitations are females in the *theatrical line*, whoſe perſons or abilities render them conſpicuous, expoſed! They go through an ordeal almoſt equally hazardous to that uſed of old as a teſt of chaſtity. The matureſt judgment and firmeſt reſolution are required, to enable them to ſteer aright. And is this to be expected from frail fair ones, hoodwinked by youth, inexperience, vanity, and all the ſofter paſſions? Inſtead of wondering that *ſo many* of thoſe who tread the ſtage yield to the temptations by which they are ſurrounded, it is rather a matter of amazement that *all* do not. Continually beſieged by perſons of the higheſt rank, who are *practiſed* in the arts of ſeduction, and impowered by their affluence to carry the moſt expenſive and alluring of theſe into execution, it is next to impoſſible that the fortreſs ſhould be impregnable.—Fortunate is it for many who pride themſelves in their *untried* virtue, that their lot is caſt in a leſs hazardous ſtate.

We had juſt ſat down to ſupper, as I ſaid before, when a waiter came from the Bedford-Head, with a letter directed for me. The ſervant indiſcreetly took it in; which ſo ſhocked my mother's delicacy, that I had almoſt ſaid ſhe made herſelf ridiculous. I could not refrain from telling her, that it was not poſſible for me to be contaminated by the impertinence of a man that muſt be inebrited, or he would

not

not have taken ſuch an unwarrantable liberty. Nor could the houſe from whence it came give her juſt cauſe for offence; as Woodifield's, though ſituated in Covent-Garden, was honoured with parties of the beſt character, ladies as well as gentlemen.

Upon opening the ſcrawl, we found it came from Lord Byron; who, though he was lately married to one of the beſt and lovelieſt of her ſex, made me therein an offer of a ſettlement. His Lordſhip concluded with ſwearing, that if I did not conſent to his propoſal, he would purſue me till I took ſhelter in another's arms. As ſoon as Mr. Quin had read the letter, he called for pen and ink, and ſent the following anſwer to it. "Lieutenant O'Hara's "compliments to Lord Byron, and if he ever dares "to inſult his ſiſter again, it ſhall not be either his "title or cowardice that ſhall preſerve him from "chaſtiſement." This fortunate impromptu of Mr. Quin's ſo frightened his Lordſhip, that the waiter came ſoon after to let us know he was gone. And we found that this valiant nobleman actually ſet off the next morning for Nottinghamſhire. Nor have I ever ſince been troubled with his attacks. Lady Byron, ſome time after, came to my benefit, and honoured me with marks of her generoſity; which were the more pleaſing to me, as they likewiſe afforded a proof of the liberality of her ſentiments. She was

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of beauty in a great degree, elegant in form to an extreme, a placid diſpoſition, with a large fortune; but had the misfortune to be allured by a face and a title, which has ſince made her, by all reports, miſerable.

Could you have formed any conception that there had been men of his Lordſhip's caſt? of thoſe who break their marriage vows *ſo ſoon* after they have been made; 'ere they had well reached Heaven's portals? Yet ſuch you ſee there are. But from ſuch falſe ones may Hymen preſerve you and every other worthy woman.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XXXI.

June 5th, 17—

AFTER being delivered from the apprehenſions *Lord Byron* had occaſioned, I thought myſelf perfectly happy. I was, however, doomed to ſuſtain freſh unhappineſs from another quarter; and that was from my mother's Iriſh friend Mr. Crump, in whoſe favour ſhe was conſtantly teizing me. They had carried on a correſpondence together ever ſince we came from Ireland. But that I did not wonder at, as my mother had met with great ſucceſs in the profeſſion he had adviſed her to engage in, and ſhe had occaſion

occaſion frequently to ſend him over commiſſions for linens.

As I always made it a point never to read a letter belonging to another, *even if open*, eſteeming it a breach of the moſt ſacred of truſts, many of his epiſtles to her lay careleſsly ſcattered about, without my ever looking into one of them. An accident, however, ſoon happened, which obliged me, contrary to my reſolutions, to inſpect the laſt ſhe received from him.

Mr. Quin, thinking that the force of the company lay in comedy, he introduced me into every piece which contained a character ſuited to my figure and age. As he was excellent in the Double Dealer, and Mrs. Woffington was well received in Lady Touchwood, I had an opportunity of appearing in Lady Froth; a character which would afford ample room for the exertion of my fancy and humour. I accordingly performed it, and met with better ſucceſs than I had reaſon to hope, as it was a part the inimitable Clive had been long in poſſeſſion of.

Whether the applauſe I had received, or the brilliancy of my dreſs, or ſome other cauſe, occaſioned it, I know not; but I was elevated by an uncommon flow of ſpirits on the firſt night of its performance. Thus cheerful, as I ſat in the green-room, who ſhould enter it but Mr. Montgomery, ſince Sir George

George Metham, whom I have already mentioned as an admirer of mine. The unexpected ſight of that gentleman greatly ſurpriſed me; and without conſidering how prepoſterous ſuch a ſtep might appear to the reſt of the performers, I found myſelf involuntarily led by ſome impulſe, to which I had till now been a ſtranger, to get up to receive him as he approached me. Such a mark of diſtinction could not paſs unnoticed by him, and he ſeemed to receive it with inexpreſſible tranſport.

Nor did it paſs unobſerved by Mrs. Woffington. The tender reſpect he ſhewed me ſeemed to hurt her pride. As to the other female performers preſent, they were all, except Mrs. Ward, perſons of more reſpectable characters. They loved their huſbands, minded their buſineſs, and found too much employment in their own families, to trouble themſelves with the concerns of others.

Mr. Metham found means to inform me, during the ſhort converſation we had together, (for as I was looked upon as a prude by the company, a longer one would have been imprudent) that his mother was dead, by which he was come into poſſeſſion of a good eſtate, together with the name of Metham. As the attention of a perſon, whoſe dreſs, deportment, and appearance, proclaimed him a man of faſhion, ſeemed to excite the jealouſy of Mrs. Woffington,

who

who expected to have the tribute of admiration from every one firſt paid to her, I put an end, as ſoon as poſſible, to our *tete-a-tete*. But, at the concluſion of the play, Mr. Metham accoſted me again, and deſired permiſſion to wait on me the next morning. This I told him I could not grant; at the ſame time frankly informed him, that my reaſon for ſo doing was, becauſe my mother would not conſent to my admitting any male viſitor in the quality of a lover. He then begged to be allowed to write to me; which I did not refuſe. Upon this we parted.

The entering into this correſpondence obliged me to requeſt O'Brien, who had attended us to England, to pay a particular attention to taking in my letters, ſo that they might not fall into my mother's hands. I have already informed you that this lady, notwithſtanding her *royal deſcent*, had not had the education ſhe had conſequently a right to expect. In truth, ſhe could neither read nor write; which ſometimes led her into errors, when theſe crooked things, called letters, were the only guides ſhe had to direct her. Thus it happened, that one day, finding a letter in the parlour, ſhe concluded it was one that I had dropped, and accordingly brought it to me.

Without examining whether it belonged to me or not, I put it haſtily into my pocket. And it was not till I had occaſion to ſearch for another, wherein mention

mention was made of a maſquerade, that I diſcovered it. Pulling it out with three others which I had received in the courſe of the day, I then perceived that it was an epiſtle from my Hibernian admirer to my mother. At the ſame time a daſh annexed to the word daughter exciting my curioſity, I was tempted to break through the rule I had hitherto ſo inviolably obſerved. The line ran thus: "Dear Madam, I "believe your loved daughter cannot withſtand the "power of——." As I could not underſtand the meaning of this ſentence, and indeed was very indifferent about it, I threw the letter aſide, without peruſing the remainder of it.

The next evening I appeared in the character of Alicia. As ſoon as my part was concluded, Mr. Quin, with a pleaſure ſparkling in his fine eyes, that I had never ſeen them expreſs before off the ſtage, bid me ſtop and kneel to the firſt perſon I met in the ſcene-room, a place I was obliged to paſs as I went to undreſs. As I could not comprehend at firſt what Mr. Quin meant, alternate hope and fear rendered me motionleſs for ſome time. At length my heart preſaged who it was. When muſtering all my courage, and judging, from the pleaſantneſs of my patron's countenance, that I had not much to fear, I entered the room. I need not, I ſuppoſe, inform you, that I found there Lord Tyraw ey. As ſoon

as

as I ſaw him I threw myſelf at his feet, crying out at the ſame time, with an emotion that is not to be expreſſed, "My dear Lord, forgive me!"

His Lordſhip having raiſed me, he embraced me with the utmoſt tenderneſs; and if I could judge from his voice, was no leſs affected than myſelf. He then deſired me to haſten home, as Quin and he intended ſupping at my apartments. His Lordſhip informed me, that he had received from Mr. Quin ſuch an account of me, as had given him the higheſt ſatisfaction; and which corroborated what he had heard in Ireland, from a perſon, who, *when alive*, loved me as well as that gentleman did. Concluding from this, that my dear Mrs. O'Hara had paid the laſt debt of nature, I burſt afreſh into tears.—Though gratitude impelled me to beſtow this tender tribute on her loved memory, yet I checked it as ſoon as poſſible, and blamed myſelf for giving way to ſo improper, though cuſtomary a ſenſation. As ſhe was one of the beſt of women, I could not doubt her happineſs; and ſorrow, as that was the caſe, according to my ideas, is only ſelf-love. The living, who are left in this vale of tears, are *rather* to be wept for; the dead, where, from a well-ſpent life, they had the aſſurance of happineſs that my dear aunt had, are objects of envy, not of grief.

Mr.

Mr. Quin allowed his Lordſhip and myſelf an hour for private converſation before he came. And as the next day happened to be a holiday, we were not obliged to ſeparate at an early hour. Indeed, Mr. Quin ſeldom kept early hours, unleſs he was obliged to do ſo by indiſpoſition. My mother was not permitted to join us; and his Lordſhip gave me a ſevere injunction never to requeſt that he would ſee either of the ladies of my family, as he was determined never to ſpeak to or know them. He delivered me two rings; one of which, being a large pink diamond, was very valuable; the other a fancy-ring; both of which had been left me by Mrs. O'Hara. I apprehend this was not the whole of my legacy; but as his Lordſhip took no notice of any thing elſe, I could not with propriety aſk him.

I now thought myſelf the happieſt of human beings. Reſtored to the affections of the two people I moſt valued, and loved almoſt to adoration by the man I preferred to all others, my ſatisfaction was unbounded. Nor do I believe that any three people in the world were happier than my Lord, Quin, and myſelf; each enjoying an equal place in my affections, though the claims of each were of a different nature.—Great are the pleaſures ariſing from ſuſceptibility!—Many indeed, and exquiſite, are likewiſe the pains attendant on it.—The inexpreſſible

pleaſure

pleaſure of making happy, by a mutual reciprocation of beneficent acts and tender communications, greatly overpays, however, the diſadvantages of poſſeſſing a ſuſceptible heart.—The enlarged mind alone is capable of theſe mental enjoyments.—By the liberal-minded, therefore, are the delicate ſenſations I ſpeak of only to be comprehended.—To the million they are *caviare*.—As they are the only ſource of *real* happineſs in this life, they doubtleſs, when rendered more pure and perfect, will conſtitute our felicity in "that undiſcovered country, from whoſe "bourne no traveller returns."

I am now about to enter upon a topic of a different nature from any that has hitherto found a place in my epiſtles; but although it appears not to make a part of my own concerns, I flatter myſelf that a ſtory ſo intereſting, and flowing immediately from the fountain-head, from which its authenticity is undoubted, will not make you conſider the time required in the peruſal of it miſemployed.

G. A. B.

## LETTER XXXII.

June 18, 17—.

YOU muſt have heard of the intended rebellion in Ruſſia, during the reign of the great Czarina Elizabeth. It is indeed *generally* known that ſuch a revolution was planned and nearly taking place. But the means by which it was diſcovered and prevented, are known but to a very few. I will therefore relate them to you in the ſame circumſtantial manner Lord Tyrawley repeated them to Mr. Quin and myſelf that evening.

From his Lordſhip's reſiding ſo many years at the courts of Spain and Portugal, he had acquired a ſtrong attachment to the natives of both thoſe kingdoms. And as he was happy in every opportunity that offered for ſhewing this regard for them, they entertained the higheſt reſpect for his Lordſhip.—During my Lord's reſidence at the court of Ruſſia, he obſerved a Spaniard to walk frequently, for ſeveral days together, before the court-yard of his hotel. Excited by the national attachment juſt mentioned, his Lordſhip ordered one of his domeſtics to invite the Don to dine at the ſecond table. The Spaniard accepted the invitation with the greateſt readineſs, and ſeemed glad to have an opportunity of laying by his long ſpado for ſome hours every day. This continued

tinued for ſeveral months, ſo that the ſtranger was at length conſidered as one of the family.

At the expiration of that time, he came late one evening, and requeſted the domeſtic in waiting to inform his Excellency, that he wiſhed to have the honour to ſpeak to him. The ſervant ſuppoſing his buſineſs was not of a nature to require his ſeeing his Lordſhip that night, deſired he would call in the morning. But on the man's ſaying, "The morning "will not do, it muſt be immediately," his Lordſhip was informed of his requeſt, and the Spaniard ordered to be admitted. Upon his being introduced, he thus accoſted his Lordſhip, in Spaniſh, the moment they were alone:—"I am come, my Lord, "to repay all your civilities—but, before I explain "myſelf, order your berlin to be got ready."

The myſterious air which the Spaniard aſſumed upon this occaſion, ſoon convinced his Lordſhip of what he had ſuſpected for ſome time, that his new dependent belonged to that fraternity, ſo neceſſary to every power, termed ſpies. He therefore ordered his carriage to be got ready. When this was done, the ſtranger thus continued: "I have for ſome time, "my Lord, formed a very ſtrict intimacy with a "Ruſs, in the ſuit of the Marquis de Chattardy.— "After leaving your Excellency's hotel, I generally "go to ſpend ſome hours with him. Staying at

" the Marquis's hotel, a few evenings ago, later than
" uſual, I ſaw a perſon come in who endeavoured
" to hide himſelf from obſervation, as if deſirous to
" remain unknown. This, your Lordſhip may be
" aſſured, awoke my ſuſpicions; and as from the
" glimpſe I had of him I could only gueſs who it
" was, I reſolved if poſſible to arrive at ſome cer-
" tainty about it. For this purpoſe, when my friend
" returned, I aſked him, with a careleſs air, whether
" Comte Beſtucheff, the favourite confidential ſer-
" vant of the Empreſs, uſually *walked* at that incle-
" ment ſeaſon of the year. I took no further notice
" at that time; but went as uſual to viſit my friend
" the following evening. I did not, however, ring
" at the gate of the hotel, till I ſaw the Comte go
" in, who I gueſſed would be there about the ſame
" time.

" Having gained admittance ſoon after him, in-
" ſtead of going to my friend's apartment, being
" well acquainted with every part of the hotel, I
" gained, unobſerved, the back ſtairs, and placed
" myſelf near the cloſet in which his Excellency the
" Marquis and the Comte were in converſation.—
" There I overheard the latter ſay, among other
" things, to the Marquis, in Italian, 'I think the
" ſooner you go the better. The credentials will be
" ready by eleven o'clock.' As ſoon as I had heard

this,

" this, I ſtole from my hiding-place, and went im-
" mediately to my friend, who chid me for being ſo
" late, as he could not now profit by my company,
" from having ſo much to do.

" I aſked him what he had to do at this time more
" than another. To this he replied that he would
" not betray his maſter's ſecrets, though indeed he
" merited it, as he had broke his promiſe in not
" taking him with him. I did not make any further
" enquiry, leſt what he imparted to me ſhould have
" been under the ſeal of ſecrecy; and a Spaniard,
" your Excellency knows, is too tenacious of his
" honour to betray any thing that is divulged to
" him in confidence."

" And what do you ſuppoſe," ſaid his Lordſhip,
" are the motives, and will be the conſequences of
" the Marquis's ſtealing away?"—" A revolution,"
replied the Spaniard; " and if your Lordſhip does
" not make haſte to the Empreſs, and inform her
" with what I tell you, it will be too late to prevent
" it. I am acquainted with the whole circumſtances,
" but am not at liberty to mention more. Your
" Lordſhip, however, may take my life, if the in-
" telligence I give you proves falſe."

His Lordſhip having been already convinced from his own obſervations, and the information he had received from other quarters, that there was ſome-

thing portentous to the welfare of the Ruſſian empire in agitation; after having tried the Spaniard to the utmoſt, he gave credit to what he ſaid; and was now ſatisfied that his informant had received ſome intelligence under the ſeal of ſecrecy, as he termed it, the particulars of which he made a point of honour not to diſcloſe, although he thought it no breach of honour to repeat the ſubſtance of it.

The carriage being by this time ready, Lord Tyrawley and the Spaniard ſet out together for the Empreſs's palace, notwithſtanding the lateneſs of the hour and the inclemency of the weather. The Engliſh ambaſſador procured admittance to her Majeſty immediately. But the Empreſs ſeemed to doubt the poſſibility of his information, till the Spaniard was called in; who gave her ſuch convincing proofs of what was intended, that ſhe could no longer doubt the truth of his aſſertions. Her Majeſty then propoſed ſending ſuch a particular troop to prevent the deſigns ſhe had juſt been informed of, from being carried into execution. But the Spaniard exclaimed, "No, you muſt ſecure them, as they are now actually under arms againſt you." The light at this time ſhone full upon them, as they were part of her body-guard, and her favourite, Wall, colonel of them. Some troops were ſent to prevent the eſcape of the Marquis de Chattardy, but he was already fled;

fled; and though purſued found means to make his eſcape. He had not however time to deſtroy his papers. Theſe were ſecured and brought to the palace. The regiment ſuſpected were found under arms, which created a certainty of their intended treaſon. The treachery of her favourite the Comte was fully proved. But through ſome remains of that regard which ſhe once entertained for him, his life was ſpared, and he was baniſhed to Siberia; whilſt all thoſe whom he had prevailed upon to join in his treacherous views were immediately executed. Her Majeſty took the Spaniard, whoſe name was Roſa de Sylva, into her ſervice, and rewarded him nobly. And the preſents ſhe made Lord Tyrawley for the ſervices he rendered her on this occaſion, though of immenſe value, were not, in his eſtimation, of ſo much worth as the friendſhip with which ſhe honoured him to the day of her death.

G. A. B.

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## LETTER XXXIII.

June 29, 17—.

LORD TYRAWLEY gave us the foregoing ſtory, the firſt evening we paſſed together, among many other entertaining anecdotes. The night paſſed away in a ſweet delirium, as you may ſuppoſe,

with two ſuch bright geniuſes as his Lordſhip and Mr. Quin.—Every word conveyed extatic delight to a mind fond of learning and the belles letters; to a perſon tremblingly alive to every rational enjoyment, as well as every delicate ſenſation.—Like Circe, "They would take the priſoned ſoul, and lap it in "Elyſium."—Whilſt the brilliant jeſt, and ſmart repartee, afforded food for laughter, their obſervations on men and books ſupplied me with a laſting fund of inſtruction.

Before we broke up, his Lordſhip promiſed to ſup with me three or four times a week, and begged Mr. Quin to be of the party as often as poſſible. But as he loved his good fat capon; his ale and orange; and *ungartering*, as he called it; which he eſteemed the three great bleſſings of life; and as Lord Tyrawley was not fond of the bottle, he did not often favour me with his company at my apartments. I had however the *entree* at his houſe, where I ſpent every evening I could ſpare from other engagements.

Late as it was before his Lordſhip and Mr. Quin left me, I ſat down, before I ſlept, to inform Mr. Metham of the happineſs I enjoyed in being reſtored to his Lordſhip's favour. But much as it delighted *me*, it gave no ſatisfaction to *him*. He however affected to be pleaſed with the intelligence I ſent him, in compliment to me, as he ſeemed to partake in every

every thing that afforded me pleaſure. Indeed we carried our ideas of love to ſo romantic a height, that the correſpondence, which by this time had commenced between us, partook more of the ſentiments of Caſſandra and Oroondates, than of perſons on a level with the reſt of mankind.

There was ſo much ſentiment and reſpect, both in his letters and behaviour, that I never gave myſelf time to reflect on the imprudence I was guilty of in entering into a private intimacy with a man, who had formerly declared that it was not in his power to pay his addreſſes to me on honourable terms. Nay, that very declaration, as it appeared to give me a proof of his openneſs and candour, lulled me into a falſe ſecurity. And from that circumſtance I placed ſo much dependence upon his honour, which I ſuppoſed equal to his ſincerity, that I never harboured a fear of his entertaining the leaſt diſhonourable thought.—More females owe their ruin to this falſe ſecurity, than to the incitements of vanity or paſſion. —Thrown off their guard by placing an implicit confidence in the man they love, they find too late, in their own diſhonour, that the expected honour of their betrayers has been but an empty bubble.

About this time, having an opportunity to go to a maſquerade, I readily embraced the offer, that I might meet my lover there, and be more at liberty

to enjoy his converſation than I had been able to do. Having never been at ſuch an entertainment before, I expreſſed my ſurpriſe to Mr. Metham how people were able to find one another out, with their faces ſo covered that the features were not diſtinguiſhable. He replied, "That my eyes would light him; and "that *intuition* would prevent any miſtake."

I certainly preferred Mr. Metham to any man living. My regard for him, however, was not ſo violent but what it was to give way to my humour. Accordingly, when the night arrived, I wrapped myſelf in a black domino, with a large capot over it, and in this unexpected dreſs, accompanied by the Miſs Mereditbs, in the habits of Savoyard girls, entered the room. In a very ſhort time I was as well acquainted with the nature of the entertainment as Heidegger* himſelf. And as my companions were too much noticed to mind me, I ſoon gave them the ſlip, and ſought out my Strephon. I found him employed in examining every well-dreſſed female that paſſed him, not doubting, but that I ſhould make uſe of ſo favourable an opportunity to ſhow my taſte, and appear what is uſually termed an elegant maſk. When I ſpied him, I made up to him and aſked him, what fair one kept him in waiting. Impatient to behold her he loved, he deſired me to

* The perſon who firſt introduced maſked balls into England.

go

go about my bnſineſs; for it was not me he wanted. I told him he had better accept the offer of my company, which I aſſured him I had the vanity to preſume would prove full as agreeable to him as the perſon he was in expectation of. Upon this he turned away quite enraged.

Seeing that vanity and folly here went hand-in-hand, of both of which I ſeemed to have a tolerable ſhare, I let him *croquer le marmot*; and I acknowledge that I did not enjoy a little pleaſure in the diſquietude he appeared to experience.

I now joined General Wall the Spaniſh Ambaſſador; who had frequented the ſcenes, and with whom I had the honour of chatting now and then. Comte Haſlang, the Imperial and Bavarian Ambaſſador, had pointed me out to his Excellency. The Comte often viſited at Tyrawley's, who paid him particular attention, not ſo much for the brilliancy of his parts, which were but *mediocre*, as for his noble deſcent, his extreme politeneſs, and his appearing to be pleaſed with the wit of others, without ever making pretence to any himſelf. Though his Excellency the Comte was not rendered ſharp-ſighted by the hood-winked boy called Love, yet he diſcovered me immediately through my deep diſguiſe, and made me known to the General.

Notwithſtanding General Wall's knowledge was univerſal, and his fame for wit eſtabliſhed, he loved miſchief as well as any ſchool-boy could. And having no doubt, from the obſervations he had made at the theatre, that Mr. Metham was a profeſſed admirer of mine, he begged to join me in the perſecution he ſaw I was carrying on. We accordingly made up to Metham, whom I rallied in the ſame manner I had done before. But what made my raillery the more irkſome to him, was, that from the General's being unmaſked, he could not leave abruptly a perſon of his Excellency's conſequence, and was of courſe obliged to hear the whole of it. Not doubting, I ſuppoſe, at the ſame time, that though I appeared from my habit to be an old fright, I was a perſon of no little conſequence myſelf.

Lord Tyrawley ſupped with a private party; ſo that I was at liberty to follow the bent of my humour without any reſtraint, during the greateſt part of the night. About four o'clock his Lordſhip returned to the great room; and having found out my companions and myſelf, begged leave to ſee us to our chairs, as he could not think of leaving three girls in ſuch a place, unleſs we had brought with us a *chaperon*. The young ladies having exhauſted their ſpirits with dancing, were not ſorry to hear his Lordſhip make the offer. I own that to have ſtaid a

little longer would have been full as agreeable to me. That, however, was not now to be done, and it was agreeable that we ſhould go.

This ſudden determination only permitted me juſt to ſay to Mr. Metham, as I paſſed him, "What is "become of the brillancy of thoſe eyes, which, with "your bleſſed *intuition* were to render every other "information unneceſſary?" Thunder-ſtruck at theſe words, he appeared to be inſtantly arouſed from the ſtupidity, with regard to the knowledge of me, that had overwhelmed him the whole night. He ſpontaneouſly followed us to the door, endeavouring to ſpeak to me. But that was now impoſſible. He was conſequently obliged to lament in ſilence his hard fate, and regret having loſt an opportunity, which might not happen again for a long time.

This diſappointment of Metham's confirmed what I have before obſerved, that where our hopes of happineſs are the moſt ſanguine, the ſurer ſeems their fruſtration—Poor fellow! with what rapture did he receive the firſt intelligence of my going to the maſquerade!—How did he count the tedious minutes till the wiſhed-for hour arrived!—How did he anticipate the pleaſures he expected would reſult from a converſation carried on without reſtraint; and in which he might freely declare the fervency of his affection.—And what was the reſult of thoſe pleaſing

expec-

expectations?——Alas?——Diſappointment, anxiety and vexation.—The teazings of an old woman, inſtead of the reluctantly acknowledged tenderneſs of a young one.—And to add to all, a torturing diſcovery of the frolickſome deception.

I own this treatment ſavoured ſomewhat of cruelty.—But women, throughout every age, have not ſcrupled to indulge themſelves in theſe little playſome teſts of their lovers' truth and conſtancy.—At this time, to make uſe of a home-ſpun expreſſion, "The black ox had not trodden on my foot."—Innocent humour was my delight.—Euphroſyne herſelf was not more blithe and debonair.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XXXIV.

June 12, 17—.

ABOUT this period, that much admired poet, Thomſon, was called by the great diſpoſer of events, to enjoy that felicity in a happier region, he had in vain ſtrove to deſerve in this buſtling world. His death ſeemed to throw an univerſal gloom over every ſuſceptible mind. Whilſt ſome lamented the loſs of his great poetical talents, all wept for the removal of ſo great a man. The ſoftneſs of his manners, his unbounded philanthropy, and indeed the poſſeſſion of

of every valuable quality that can adorn a human being, endeared him to every one who had the happineſs to be acquainted with him. That it was my fortunate lot to be upon terms of intimacy with him, is one of the moſt pleaſing circumſtances of my life that recollection can revive.—Accept, departed ſhade, this tender tear! a votive tribute to that friendſhip with which I was honoured by thee.

Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Quin, from the intimacy which had ſubſiſted between Thomſon and them, were the moſt affected by this ſad event. After the firſt effuſions of their ſorrow were abated, they conſulted in what manner to pay the moſt efficacious reſpect to the memory of their deceaſed friend. As his liberal diſpoſition had prevented him from making any proviſion for his two ſiſters, they thought they could do nothing more conſonant to his laſt wiſhes, than provide a decent ſupport for them. A token of affection far more acceptable, I dare ſay, to their loſt friend, if departed ſpirits be ſenſible of what paſſes here, than the moſt pompous obſequies, or richly ſculptured monument.

Thomſon, during the latter part of his life, had altertered Shakſpeare's tragedy of "Coriolanus;" the copy of which Mr. Quin had then in his poſſeſſion. And the repreſentation of this they thought would not a little conduce to the benevolent purpoſe.

It

It was accordingly ordered to be got up at the theatre, and put immediately into rehearſal. Mrs. Woffington and myſelf were to play the parts of the mother and daughter. The death of Thomſon put a ſtop for ſome time to our parties at Mr. Quin's, in Henrietta-ſtreet, which gave us more time to expedite the performance. Lord Lyttelton wrote the following prologue to it.

## PROLOGUE

TO

## THOMSON's CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
For ſcenes whoſe author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cauſe to plead;
You will yourſelves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No ſect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends, (forgive this guſhing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here;)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of intereſt, ſo devoid of art,
Such generous friendſhip, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it, but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth! O faith without a ſtain!
O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
O ſympathizing love of others bliſs!
Where will you find another breaſt like his?

Such

Such was the man—The poet well you know;
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe;
Oft in this crouded houſe with juſt applauſe
You heard him teach fair virtue's pureſt laws;
For his chaſte muſe employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wiſh to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb.
Whilſt he, ſuperior now to praiſe or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to thoſe whom moſt on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
If to thoſe friends your kind regard ſhall give
What they no longer can from him receive,
That, that ev'n now, above yon ſtarry pole,
May touch with pleaſure his immortal ſoul.

As ſoon as the piece was perfect, an evening rehearſal was called, upon a night when there happened to be no performance. Mr. Quin's pronunciation was of the old ſchool. In this Mr. Garrick had made an alteration. The one pronounced the letter *a* open; the other ſounded it like an *e*, which occaſioned the following laughable miſtake. In the piece, when the Roman ladies come in proceſſion to ſolicit Coriolanus to return to Rome, they are attended by the tribunes. And the centurions of the Volſcian

Volſcian army bearing *faſces*, their enſigns of authority, they are ordered by the hero (the part of which was played by Mr. Quin) to lower them as a token of reſpect. But the men who perſonated the centurions, imagining, through Mr. Quin's mode of pronunciation, that he ſaid their *faces*, inſtead of their *faſces*, all bowed their heads together.

Not being able to withſtand ſo ridiculous a miſtake, I could not reſtrain my riſible faculties; and though tragedians ought to have an entire command of the countenance, I burſt into a fit of laughter.—This, for a moment, offended Mr. Quin, and drew the attention of the literati that were preſent, who, with many others, followed my example. The men, however, were at length ſet right, and thus the affair ended.

Had ſuch a ludicrous miſtake happened on the night of its repreſentation, it would probably have excited the ſame emotions in the audience we had experienced, and might have proved fatal to the piece, or at leaſt have interrupted the capital ſcene. The play, however, was at length repreſented with ſucceſs, and Mr. Quin really ſhed tears. From the cynical manner that gentleman had adopted, and the ſternneſs of his countenance, he was not ſuppoſed to poſſeſs ſo much of the milk of human kindneſs as he actually did. The circumſtance was therefore con-

ſidered

ſidered as doubly forcible, and did not fail to operate on the ſenſibility of the whole houſe; who likewiſe teſtified, by their ſympathetic tears, the reſpect they bore his friend.

The ſeaſon of Lent now coming on, I had more leiſure time on my hands than uſual, and conſequently had more frequent opportunities of ſeeing and hearing from Mr. Metham. He attended at Comte Haſlang's chapel every Wedneſday and Friday evening, where I generally met him. And ſo confident was I of his honour and affection, that if he happened to be indiſpoſed, I made no ſcruple to go to his lodgings. Nor had I ever any reaſon to repent of my condeſcenſion, as he never attempted even to ſalute me. So much reſpect, mingled with tenderneſs, confirmed the partiality I before entertained for him; and what may be called at firſt only a preference, was now mellowed into eſteem, friendſhip and affection. This, perhaps, is the happieſt æra of the human life.—An innocent familiarity takes place, unimbittered by thoſe apprehenſions that experience gives birth to; and unalloyed by that ſatiety which too ſurely attends the enjoyment of our wiſhes. Youth, chearfulneſs, and pleaſing expectations, unite to brighten the ſcene, and afford the happy pair an unclouded proſpect.

Lord

Lord Tyrawley continued his viſits; and the better to enable me to entertain him in the ſtyle which duty and reſpect dictated, he generally divided the contents of his purſe with me whenever he came.—Being, therefore, through his Lordſhip's generoſity, and the advantages ſhe reaped from the diſpoſal of her linen, in no want of money, my mother had not as yet ſent to the theatre for any part of my ſalary; which ſhe had concluded to have been ſettled at ten pounds a week. But having now an occaſion to make a remittance to Ireland, ſhe wrote to the treaſurer to deſire he would let her have what was due. Inſtead, however, of ſending the ſum ſhe had calculated to be owing to me, ſhe received only half as much.

Enraged at this duplicity, ſhe laid her commands upon me not to play any more. Indeed, ſhe was not diſpleaſed at the excuſe that now preſented itſelf, of breaking off my theatrical engagements.—On the contrary, ſhe was glad of the opportunity that offered of effecting her darling ſcheme, that of uniting me to Mr. Crump. She accordingly ſent back the money; and my pride aſſiſting her views, ſhe now made ſure of bringing her long-wiſhed-for project to bear. Miſs O'Hara, who was perfectly well acquainted with my ſentiments on the ſubject, endeavoured by every argument in her power, to

diſſuade

diſſuade her from purſuing a plan to which I was ſo inflexibly averſe. But her endeavours were ineffectual. My mother continued as reſolute as her daughter; though I unfortunately found means to fruſtrate her intentions.

As the regard Mr. Metham and myſelf entertained for each other had now attained ſuch a pitch, that I conſidered him as my future huſband, I made no ſcruple to accept the preſents he was continually offering me. Theſe paſt unobſerved by my mother, who concluded, that what money I had was the conſequence of my Lord's affection, which ſeemed daily to increaſe. The eye of envy, however, would not ſuffer ſo ſuſpicious a circumſtance to paſs unnoticed; nor was ſo favourable a conſtruction put upon my apparent affluence, by my two theatrical companions, Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Ward. Being unwilling to account for the elegance of my dreſs, by imputing it, as my mother had done, to an allowable ſource, they thought it could only proceed from my having formed an unallowable connection with Mr. Metham. Taking this for granted, they did not heſitate to mention it as an affair that was abſolutely ſettled.—I did not, indeed, hear of this ſcandal at the time it was propagated by theſe cenſorious ladies at the theatre, having no intimacy with any perſon belonging to it, except Mr. Quin, Mr. Rich's family, and

Mrs.

Mrs. Ridout. This amiable woman, I muſt ſtop to tell you, fell a victim to her fondneſs for her huſband, the loſs of whoſe affections ſhe could not outlive; and I never reflect on her untimely death, without beſtowing a ſigh on her virtues.

Had I heard of theſe aſperſions, conſcious of my innocence, I ſhould have treated them with the contempt they deſerved; but, as I have juſt ſaid, from my having ſo little communication with the people belonging to the theatre, I was not at that time made acquainted with them. Mrs. Woffington, however, notwithſtanding ſhe had propagated this ſcandalous report, reflecting that my quitting the theatre, particularly as the benefits were coming on, would prove an eſſential detriment to the whole company, ſhe ſent Mr. Swyny to me, in order to prevail on me to relinquiſh my intention. This gentleman had attached himſelf to her as a warm friend. And he gave her a ſubſtantial proof of his regard, by leaving her the bulk of his fortune at his deceaſe. But though this lady's ambaſſador urged her ſuit with all his rhetoric, I would not come to any determination relative to it, till I had conſulted Mr. Quin on the ſubject, agreeable to the reſolution I had lately formed.

As ſoon as I ſent to this beſt of friends, he came to me; and upon talking over the affair, he judged it moſt prudent for me to continue my attendance

at

at the theatre during the preſent ſeaſon, as it was now drawing near a concluſion. Among other reaſons he obſerved, that as I was in all the pieces commanded, on every Thurſday night, by the Prince and Princeſs of Wales, and had been honoured with diſtinguiſhed marks of approbation from their Royal Highneſſes, as well as the public, he thought no pecuniary motive ſhould induce me to decline playing during the remainder of the ſeaſon. Giving up my reſentment, therefore, to the opinion of ſo good a judge, and ſo ſincere a friend, I continued to perform as uſual, without coming to an open rupture with the proprietor on account of his duplicity.

G. A. B.

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## LETTER XXXV.

July 21, 17—.

THE ſame evening, when Lord Tyrawley came to ſup with me as uſual, I informed him of the ill treatment I had received. His Lordſhip ſeemed diſpleaſed that I did not carry my firſt reſolution of quitting the theatre into execution. Notwithſtanding his Lordſhip was reconciled to me, and he ſtill continued to live at ſuch an expence as to involve himſelf annually, although in receipt of immenſe ſums from

from his employment and commiſſion, I could not help obſerving that he made no offer of furniſhing me with a proviſion adequate to the emoluments I reaped from my profeſſion. As I conſidered the affront I had received from the proprietor, of the higheſt magnitude to my theatrical conſequence, I own I was much ſurpriſed at his being ſo lukewarm upon the occaſion.

A few minutes, however, explained the myſtery; for, looking kindly at me, his Lordſhip ſaid, "Pop! "you do not love me ſo well as you did even ſome "few weeks ago." Struck at the truth of the accuſation, a conſcious bluſh ſpread itſelf over my face, and I remained ſilent. "Why do you not ſpeak?" continued he, "If your heart is engaged to a proper "object, I will give him your hand. I flattered my- "ſelf, indeed, that your affection for me was ſo un- "bounded, that you would have left the choice to "me."

This alone could have reſtored to me the power of ſpeech. Mr. Crump's letter ſeemed now to be fully explained; and the daſh appeared to have been ſubſtituted in the room of Lord Tyrawley's name. I told his Lordſhip, that as nothing ſhould tempt me to loſe ſight of ſincerity, I would freely acknowledge to him, that though I loved and revered him much, I felt a ſtrong preſentiment in favour of another.

ther. But unleſs his Lordſhip would give me time to examine into the real ſtate of my heart, I muſt beg to be excuſed from making him acquainted with the name of the perſon.

His Lordſhip having heard of the adventure of the chair and the note, already related, and having been likewiſe informed that Mr. Bullock's father had ſworn that he never would ſee or ſpeak to his ſon again, if he married me; and conſidering, likewiſe, that he himſelf could not offer a fortune with me ſufficient to mollify the old gentleman; his Lordſhip (for the firſt time I ever heard him ſwear, although a ſoldier) told me with an oath, that he already knew the perſon, and that I might reſt aſſured he never would conſent to an union with him.

The addreſſes I had ſome time back received from Mr. Bullock, who had been ordered by his father, immediately on their diſcovery, to return to college, not recurring to my mind, I concluded it was Mr. Metham his Lordſhip was thus exaſperated againſt. I was conſequently thunder-ſtruck. His Lordſhip continued in an ill humour during the remainder of his ſtay; and it was the firſt time I ever felſt a pleaſure at our ſeparation.

The next morning, I acquainted Mr. Metham, by letter, that I was very unhappy at ſomething which had happened, but did not explain myſelf. This

oppoſition of his Lordſhip to the perſon I eſteemed, (for to him I ſuppoſed it, by miſtake, to be intended) endeared him to me a thouſand times, if poſſible, more than he had already been. And what was before only a tranſient quiet partiality, now became a violent impetuous affection. A heart engaged in ſuch a ſweet, ſuch a bewitching entanglement as mine was, could not bear controul. Oppoſition, I now perceived, but added fuel to the flame. And however great my reſpect for Lord Tyrawley might have been, it was not to be ſet in competition with claims of a tenderer nature.

My benefit was now to take place in a few days; and the three preceding nights I was to perform for thoſe of Mr. Quin, Mrs. Woffington, and Mr. Ryan. The former choſe for his benefit, the very play in which I had been deprived, during my emigration to Ireland, as already mentioned, of my regalia. Here Mrs. Woffington was, as her right, adorned with it, and appeared *moſt characteriſtically* as the enchantreſs of all hearts. Her beauty (for I muſt give every one their due) beggared all deſcription. I appeared again in white ſatin; not indeed, as I had then *improperly* done, as Anthony's favourite miſtreſs, but as his rejected wife.

The Dutcheſs of Queenſberry being at Mr. Quin's benefit, her partiality for me ſhewed itſelf in a more flatter-

flattering light than it had done on a former occaſion. At the concluſion of the piece, ſhe deſired me to ſecure her boxes for my own benefit. As I could not ſuppoſe that her Grace intended to intereſt herſelf ſo ſtrenuouſly in my behalf, as ſhe had before; and as I was now, by experience, become acquainted with the whimſicalneſs of her Grace's diſpoſition, I was at a loſs what number to ſet down for her. I thought it, therefore, better to leave it to chance, than to run the riſk of offending her.

Her Grace having expreſſed a deſire of being admitted into the green-room, which ſhe had been informed was ſuperior to a drawing-room, for the wit and politeneſs to be met with there, I begged leave to have the honour to attend her Grace to it, after the performance was over. This offer ſhe was pleaſed to accept. Accordingly as ſoon as my part of Octavia was concluded, which was in the fourth act, without ſtaying to undreſs, to ſhew my readineſs to obey her Grace's commands, I threw a cloak around me, and went into the ſtage-box where her Grace was, and placed myſelf, as ſhe directed, behind her.

My being ſeated in ſo conſpicuous a point of view, behind a lady who was looked up to as one of the firſt characters in the kingdom, as well for her extraordinary qualities, as for her title, attracted the attention of the whole houſe. Mr. Quin, as he af-

terwards informed me, notwithſtanding he well knew her Grace's partiality for me, never experienced a more agreeable ſurprize than when he ſaw me thus ſituated. It is neceſſary you ſhould know that her Grace was at this time diſguſted with the court, upon account of her favourite, *Gay*.

Upon her Grace's quitting the box, there was an univerſal applauſe; which would have ſent her home in great good humour (for ſhe was ſtill fond of theſe tokens of public approbation) had not the enſuing ſcene, to which her curioſity led her, juſtly given her Grace offence. Having uſhered the Dutcheſs behind the ſcenes, upon my opening the green-room door, ſuch a ſcene preſented itſelf as I had never been witneſs to before. As it was uſual for many perſons of the firſt rank to meet in the green-room after the play, and amuſe themſelves with playing at *Woman* or *Head*, againſt the chimney-piece, at which thouſands were ſometimes won and loſt in an evening, I expected to find that the performers had retired, and that none but quality were there. Inſtead of which, the firſt thing that ſtruck our view was the Fair Egyptian Queen, with a pot of porter in her hand, crying out, "Confuſion to all order. Let "Liberty thrive." The table was ſurrounded by ſuitable company, and covered with mutton pies.

The

The Dutcheſs had entered with the greateſt good-humour impreſſed on her countenance, and all the dignity annexed to her high ſtation.—Judge then what her Grace's feelings muſt be at beholding ſuch a contraſt to what ſhe had been taught to expect; ſuch a ſpecimen of green-room wit and politeneſs. She ſtood for ſome moments in a ſtate of amazement. Nor was her introductreſs in a leſs unpleaſant ſituation. At length, recovering herſelf a little, ſhe exclaimed, "Is hell broke looſe?" Then turning about, ſhe hurried to her chair, to appearance more dead than alive. As her Grace left me, ſhe gave me a ſtrict injunction not to return back to that room, and to be with her the next morning. Could any thing have happened more mal-apropos; or have given her Grace ſo diſguſting an idea of the inſide of a theatre?

The following day, the Dutcheſs received me with civility, but at the ſame time there was a ſomething in her manner that was by no means pleaſing.—Softneſs and delicacy ought to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the female ſex—and theſe qualities have been ſometimes happily blended in minds with Roman fortitude and Amazonian courage.—Without them, the moſt brilliant qualifications loſe their moſt attractive graces.—Her Grace enquired whether I lived with the actors? A queſtion which ſeemed to

imply, that ſhe conſidered actors and actreſſes in no better a light than gypſies; and that we were only ſeparated from each other, in our moſt retired hours, by a blanket. I however endeavoured to convince her Grace, that thoſe who trod the ſtage held the mirror of virtue, and, whilſt they entertained, furniſhed the mind with inſtructions; being in every reſpect very different from thoſe impoſtors who played upon the weaker part of mankind.

Her Grace ſmiled at theſe diſtinctions, and thus retorted on me: "Why really by what I ſaw laſt "night, I ſhould imagine that if there is any diffe-"rence, it lies in favour of the Norwood Diviners." From this deciſion againſt us, I found that my aſſertions had made but very little impreſſion on her Grace's mind; and I was obliged to give up the cauſe I had undertaken. Indeed I could not pretend to excuſe the *levity* which had given her Grace too much reaſon to eſtabliſh ſuch a conjecture. I cannot however miſs the opportunity this incident offers, to obſerve, how cautious every woman ought to be, not to give the leaſt appearance of offence to decency; and could wiſh to recommend the following lines to my own ſex, requeſting, at the ſame time, that they would impreſs them ſtrongly on their memory, and join them with their daily oriſons.

Come DECENCY, celeſtial maid,
Deſcend from Heaven to beauty's aid.

My

My friend and adviſer, Mr. Quin, fixed upon "The Double Dealer," for my benefit. A play replete with wit, but not *un*exceptionable for its levity, to call it by no harſher name. The ſame patroneſſes, who had honoured me with their preſence at my firſt benefit; and who were eſteemed the brighteſt patterns of virtue in the whole kingdom, graced the boxes that night. So flattering a proof of diſtinction gave me the greateſt pleaſure; and the more ſo, as Lord Tyrawley ſeemed, for the *firſt time*, to enjoy ſo ſingular a mark of public approbation.

The emoluments which accrued from my benefit were not ſo conſiderable as thoſe of my preceding night. For this there appeared two evident reaſons. The firſt was, that thoſe who encouraged me whilſt I was conſidered as a young perfomer, did not think their aſſiſtance ſo neceſſary now I was eſtabliſhed, eſpecially as I had ſince found a protector in Lord Tyrawley. The ſecond was, that the gentlemen were kept at a diſtance by a belief that Mr. Metham was a favoured lover. It is true his Lordſhip afforded me ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance; but as for any other, he wore a ſhort ſword very quietly by his ſide, except when called upon to draw it in defence of his king and country. And as to the latter, appearances are not always to be truſted to.

I am now about to recal to my memory the firſt ſtep I have reaſon to look back upon with real regret. For although ſome of the paſt ſcenes of my life may be deemed imprudent, and led me into many inconveniencies, yet no laſting bad effects flowed from them, and the ſcandal which attended them was unmerited and tranſient.—Would I could ſay the ſame of that which is to furniſh a ſubject for my next letter.—But I will not anticipate.—The corroſive reflections due to my errors will ariſe faſt enough as I proceed.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XXXVI.

Auguſt 2, 17—.

A FEW nights after my benefit, Lord Tyrawley came into my room ſmiling, and ſaid, with pleaſure ſparkling in his eyes, "Pop, I have got you a huſ-"band!" I replied, "I then hope, my Lord, you "have found out my choice." I had no ſooner ſaid this, than his Lordſhip's countenance was in an inſtant clouded—and after a pauſe (not like a pauſe in muſic, when art can reach to no higher a pitch of harmony; it was rather a pauſe productive of a craſh of diſcord) his Lordſhip aſſumed juſt ſuch a look as, I ſuppoſe,

I ſuppoſe, he ſhould have done if he had been about to face an enemy. He then threw a letter upon the table with an air of a Bajazet, ſaying at the ſame time, "There, read that.—I have given my word, "which I will not break for you nor the whole "world; therefore no trifling, *for I will be obeyed.*" Having pronounced this dreadful ſentence, he hopped off as faſt as he could to his chair, leaving me to read the letter at my leiſure.

Had his Lordſhip inſiſted in the ſame authoritative manner upon my taking the man of my choice, I believe in my heart I ſhould have refuſed him. My temper could never brook compulſion: and though no perſon can more approve of obedience and ſubordination, in all caſes where it is due, than myſelf, yet were not the orders for the obſervance of theſe to be iſſued *in gentle terms*, I ſhould certainly act retrograde to them.

The letter his Lordſhip threw upon the table was from Crump. By the tenor of which I found, that every thing had been ſettled relative to my marriage with him, before his Lordſhip left Dublin. He therein further informs my Lord, that he was to be in town the next evening, and intended himſelf the honour of meeting his Lordſhip at my apartments in Taviſtock-ſtreet. He adds, that he had delivered his Lordſhip's letter to Captain Johnſon, who ſaid

he was much concerned to loſe his Lordſhip's agency, but the occaſion was a ſufficient excuſe.

At firſt I was going to wiſh my mother joy of the ſucceſs of her ſcheme; but, on conſideration, I thought it better to ſay nothing about it till I had acquainted Mr. Metham with it. I accordingly ſat down with a mind agitated with indignation, inſtead of its being depreſſed with grief, and wrote him a letter from which he could have no room to doubt his being the entire maſter of my affections. It is true I had already given him reaſon to believe this, by admitting his addreſſes as I had done, but I never before acknowledged to him the real ſtate of my heart.

The alternate joy and grief which my letter occaſioned in his mind, robbed him for a time, as he has ſince informed me, of recollection; till at length his anger was arouſed at the thoughts of my being treated with ſo much indignity. For my own part, the reſentment I felt prevented tears from flowing, as they otherwiſe would have done. My face was, therefore, properly enlightened with that ſpirit of diſdain which was ſuited to the character of Lady Fanciful in "The Provoked Wife," which I was to play the ſame evening. And the preſence of Mr. Crump in the front row of the pit, who was the firſt

object

object that ſtruck my eyes, proved an additional incitement towards keeping my anger alive.

Poor Metham ſtood behind the ſcenes, though naturally too florid for a fine gentleman, as pale and dejected as if he had been the diſappointed lover inſtead of the favoured one. The perſon who performed the part of Lady Brute, and who had before made obſervations on our conduct, attributed this dejection to ſome love quarrel, eſpecially as he did not follow me as uſual into the green-room.

We are now arrived at the moſt important criſis of my fate; the moment which was to determine the tenor of my future life. The die was to be thrown, and my happineſs to be the ſtake.—My heart flutters at the recollection.—But I will endeavour to ſtill it, and proceed.—At the beginning of the fifth act, as I was croſſing the back of the ſcenes, in order to go on the ſtage from the oppoſite ſide, Mr. Metham met me, and conjured me to let him ſpeak one word with me *in the hall.* As the prompter never rings the bell for the muſic to ceaſe till he ſees all thoſe who are to begin the act ready to go on, I complied for a moment with his requeſt. But I was no ſooner got without the door, than he caught me up in his arms, and, hurrying through the paſſage, placed me in a coach that his valet had ready to receive me.

At firſt I was ſo ſurpriſed at the unexpected *enlevement*, that I could not recollect myſelf. And when my ſcattered ſenſes reſumed their powers, I candidly acknowledge, that my love for the dear man was ſo well eſtabliſhed, that I was neither ſorry nor offended at the ſtep he had taken. But the mind of my enamoured Strephon was agitated by other ſenſations. He was ſo apprehenſive of incurring my diſpleaſure by ſuch a deſperate mode of proceeding, that the florid colour which uſually glowed on his cheeks now entirely forſook them. Finding me, however, not ſo diſpleaſed as he expected, the apprehenſions that had chilled his blood, gave way to warmer ideas, and more agreeable agitations.

The coach ſoon ſet us down at a ready-furniſhed houſe in Leiceſter-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields, where I was immediately ſupplied with neceſſary apparel, by Mrs. Studwick, the miſtreſs of it. The audience at the theatre, as I afterwards learnt, being out of all patience at ſo unuſual a continuation of the muſic, made the noiſe they generally do upon ſuch occaſions. This called Mr. Quin from his dreſſing-room, which lay contiguous to the ſtage, to enquire the reaſon of it. Lady Fanciful was repeatedly called, but no Lady Fanciful anſwered. It was now found that a real rape (if a running away with, where there

there is no reſiſtance, might be ſo termed) had interrupted the progreſs of the play. Nothing remained to be done, but to acquaint the houſe with what had unexpectedly happened. Mr. Quin, accordingly, in the character of Sir John Brute, which he was performing, made an apology to the audience, by informing them, that he was come to beg their excuſe for the fantaſtical girl of quality, whoſe company they would unfortunately be diſappointed of at the concluſion of the piece, as ſhe had left Heartfree, upon finding an admirer* *that was made on purpoſe for her.*

Terror, love, and reſentment, which ruled by turns in my heart, baniſhed reflection for ſome time. But it ſoon returned with accumulated force. One moment I blamed myſelf for yielding to the ardour of my lover, and the impulſe of my affection; the next, I was angry with myſelf for ſuffering the leaſt doubt of his honour to interrupt my preſent delirium. I now was become a topic for numberleſs paragraphs in the public prints. But Mrs. Woffington, as I have already informed you, through her good wiſhes to me, had anticipated that ſurpriſe which the event would otherwiſe have occaſioned.

An attempt to gain the forgiveneſs of Lord Tyrawley, would have been attended with as great a

* Alluding to what Lady Fanciful ſays in the 1ſt ſcene.

proſpect of ſucceſs, as to remove the Coloſſus from Rhodes to a diſtant country, at the time it was ſtanding. His Lordſhip, who had ſtill an eye for beauty, had enliſted under the banner of the lady juſt mentioned, a circumſtance that ſeemed likely to render a reconciliation the leſs attainable.

Some doubts being now cleared away, which Mr. Metham had harboured, with reſpect to my regard for him, his fondneſs for me was carried to the moſt extravagant pitch. He introduced me to his ſiſter, Mrs. Dives, and to all his friends; and from the tender reſpect he ſhewed me, joined to the moſt unremitted attention, every one ſeemed convinced that he intended to make me his wife.

My mother, from being one of the *pure ones*, had changed her religion to that of a *Methodiſt*; and being regenerated, was become too immaculate for me to hope that my error would meet with pardon from her. I wrote to Miſs O'Hara, who immediately brought me my clothes and ornaments. But my mother, thinking I ſhould have no occaſion for money, now I had choſen a protector for myſelf, very prudently kept that to conſole herſelf with, during my abſence. I was in hopes that gaining me a father-in-law would have been a conſequence of my elopement; but Mr. Crump, I found, returned to Ireland,

Ireland without a wife, and Captain Johnſon ſtill continued to act as agent to Lord Tyrawley.

Mr. Quin had always been averſe to the propoſal made me by my Lord, of marrying Crump; but his Lordſhip, judging from his own diſpoſition and conduct, of his motive, had told him, that he ſuppoſed his oppoſition proceeded from his being intereſted; which ſilenced this beſt of friends, and prevented his ever after renewing the topic. He wrote to me, and indeed informed me, that though he could not at preſent wait on me, in compliment to his Lordſhip, he would pay me a viſit in the ſummer, when he ſuppoſed we ſhould go into Yorkſhire.

My beloved acquaintance, Miſs St. Leger, was now oftener with me than ever; ſhe being privately courted by Major Burton, Mr. Metham's moſt intimate friend. This lady favoured me with her company and countenance the more readily, as the Major had aſſured her that his friend fully intended to marry me; an aſſurance which quieted my apprehenſions relative to that wiſhed-for event, for the preſent. And the high opinion I had of Mr. Metham's honour confirmed my hopes. But, unfortunately for us both, I was not acquainted with his capriee.—The woman, who truſts her fame to the honour of a man, has not only the chances ariſing from ſatiety againſt her, but ſhe has likewiſe much to fear from his

his *ficklenefs of diſpoſition*; a foible natural to nine-tenths of the ſex. And when to theſe is added, the fear of that ridicule and contempt which cuſtom has annexed to a *poſt-marriage*, (if I may ſo term it) the probability is much againſt her ever finding the honour ſhe truſted to genuine. "At lovers perjuries, "they ſay, Jove laughs," exclaims the great dramatic developer of human nature, ſuppoſing the belief of the axiom to be univerſally eſtabliſhed. And if the vows of lovers are not, at the time, made with this reſervation, ſatiety, caprice or ſhame, whiſper the unfettered ſwain to take advantage of it.—Exceptions, I believe, there are; but theſe, I fear, will be found to be but few.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Auguſt 15, 17—.

IN a ſhort time we went to York. Here Mr. Metham took an elegant houſe of Mr. Strickland. The reaſon of this gentleman's leaving it was on account of his having juſt loſt his lady, and with her a good eſtate. His affection not ſuffering her to be waked during her illneſs, to ſign ſome deed which was neceſſary, an eſtate that belonged to her went away at her

her deceaſe. This determined him to go abroad, to lament the loſs he had ſuſtained.

The garden wall of our new houſe joined to a monaſtery; and the ground on which the houſe and garden ſtood, had formerly belonged to it. This was a great object to me, and I ſoon found it a ſource of great comfort. For though my lover's fondneſs was unabated, his numberleſs friends, and likewiſe his father, who lived forty miles from the city in which we reſided, claimed ſo much of his company, that I had very little of it. Being a keen ſportſman, he was alſo very intimate with Lord Downe and Lord Burlington; ſo that, except during the race week, I ſcarcely ſaw any human being but the ſervants.

I therefore eſteemed myſelf exceedingly fortunate, in commencing an acquaintance with the chaplain of the adjacent ſeminary. This gentleman I found to be an honour to the ſacerdotal function. For learning and good ſenſe there were very few who exceeded him. And he preferred the quiet of the retirement he was now ſituated in, to any preferment he could attain in the buſy world. To his kind inſtructions was I indebted for a return of thoſe ſentiments I had early imbibed in my loved cloiſter at Boulogne.—Sentiments replete with peace and ſatisfaction.—*Religion* is the only rock on which the wearied, reſtleſs mind can ſafely anchor, amidſt the impetuous billows

lows of this fluctuating life.—If, now and then, the gentle breath of Zephyrus wafts us towards the wiſhed-for ſhore, the proſperous gale is but ſhort-lived, and ſoon dies away. The ruder and more laſting blaſts of Boreas ſucceed, and drive the unmanageable bark into all the dangers of the tempeſtuous deep.

The ladies belonging to the ſeminary at firſt objected to my viſits, as my character was doubtful; but when I informed Mr. Blunt, which was the name of the chaplain, that I had not the leaſt doubt but that Mr. Metham's honour, which had never been queſtioned, and his affection for me, would induce him to make me honourable amends for the diſgraceful cloud in which he had for the preſent ſhrouded me, I readily procured admittance among them.—I could have added, that a more forcible inducement for the performance of his promiſe, was about to take place, than even either of theſe; and that was the probability of my preſenting him with his *picture in miniature*; an event that he expreſſed the moſt earneſt deſire of ſeeing accompliſhed.

The acquaintance I thus formed with this ſociety, ſoon increaſed to a cordial intimacy. The ladies joined to an exemplary piety, a chearfulneſs which is always a ſure attendant on innocence and virtue; and their company ſoon become a ſource of happineſs to me, which compenſated, in ſome degree, for the

the long abſence of the man I loved. *In ſome degree*, I ſay; for though prudery and affectation may wiſh to throw a veil over our paſſions, I muſt candidly acknowledge, that to a ſoul diſſolved by that ſweet, and as yet unalloyed intercourſe, that fervent love, which ſubſiſted between Metham and myſelf, every other enjoyment afforded but a ſubſtituted ſatisfaction, and would not ſtand in competition with it.

Upon the terrace of our garden there remained a door which led into that of the convent. This door, with the conſent of the community, I ordered to be opened; which procured me the happineſs of two or three of the ladies company, attended by the old gentleman, (who, with the wiſdom of age, ſtill retained the good humour and ſprightlineſs of youth) as often as a due attendance to the concerns of my family would admit, and whenever Mr. Metham's abſence rendered ſome companions needful.

Theſe abſences now became more frequent than uſual; the Marquis of Rockingham, the Earls of Burlington and Scarborough, and Lord Downe, ſharing his viſits by turns. Growſe-ſhooting claimed his attention in the Autumn, and hunting in the winter. So that during the ſeven months we reſided in Trinity-lane, York, I may with ſafety affirm, that he was not at home for ſeven weeks, put his returns

turns all together. It is true, he wrote to me conſtantly during his abſences, and his letters glowed with affection and ſincerity; but I could not help at laſt remarking, that they bordered too much on adulation.

I muſt here, by way of relief to the rapid continuation of my tale, entertain you with a droll circumſtance, which happened in the race week, and into which I was led by the remains of my natural vanity. A nobleman, who had a horſe to run for the plate at York races, was at our houſe for ſome days. As his Lordſhip was intitled by his rank to the ſeat of honour, he of courſe, during dinner, ſat at my right hand. But I could not help obſerving, that his eye was conſtantly and ſteadily fixed upon me. I took little notice of it at firſt, thinking it was occaſioned by the attractive power of my charms, and that good manners would in time induce his Lordſhip to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that my face was ſtill the chief object to which his eye was directed, I grew much diſconcerted and abaſhed. But having, at length, recovered from the little prudery I had contracted in Ireland, I complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeneſs of his friend. He could not avoid ſmiling whilſt I made my complaint; and, as a perfect acquittal of his Lordſhip from any deſign to offend me, he informed

formed me, that the eye which had been always ſo ſteadily fixed upon me, and excited my alarms, was only an innocent *glaſs* eye, and therefore could not convey any improper information; as it was immovable all day, and reſted at night very quietly upon the table. My vanity received a check by the incident, and I joined in the laugh which it had occaſioned.

On the fourth of December I was taken ſo ill, that the nurſe who had been ſome time with me, declared it to be my labour. Mr. Metham was then at Ferry-bridge, but was immediately ſent for. On his return, he inſiſted upon ſending for a man-midwife; but this I would by no means agree to. My falſe modeſty here viſited me a ſecond time. And, as at firſt, it had prevented me from clearing up my reputation after being carried off by the Earl of ——, ſo now it had like to have coſt me my life. For the apprehenſions ariſing from my delicacy, prompted me to ſmother my pains, till my life was in danger; which in the end brought on a forced labour, and obliged me to have recourſe to that aſſiſtance I had ſtrove to avoid.

It is a matter of great ſurprize to me, that as female practitioners in midwifery are in general inexpert, women defer having an *accoucheur*, till neceſſity obliges him to be called in. Thoſe who, out of

of a miſtaken modeſty, do this, not only riſk the lives of themſelves and infants, but, if difficulties render it neceſſary that a doctor ſhould be called in, are informed by it of their danger, at a time when no addition ought to be made to their terror. And if, through their continued obſtinacy, their lives ſhould be loſt, they are, in my opinion, guilty of ſelf-murder.

The eleventh day of my illneſs, my ever regretted George Metham firſt ſaw the light; and, I may truly ſay, *bleſt* me, in making me the mother of a man child; as his loſs afterwards not only deprived me of a good child, but of a ſincere and affectionate friend; and had death ſpared him, he would now, I doubt not, have made my old age comfortable.

Mr. Metham was like a diſtracted man till I was pronounced to be out of danger. He had wrote to my mother to intreat her to come to York on account of my illneſs; which, to our mutual ſurprize, ſhe conſented to. And to her preſence I attribute in a great meaſure, my recovering ſo ſoon as I did. After her arrival, ſhe never let my lover have a moment's peace, whenever they were together, till he promiſed to make me his wife. And as he was a man of unblemiſhed honour, ſhe reſted perfectly ſatisfied with this declaration, and was reconciled to me.

She

She now transferred all her attention and tenderneſs to my little boy. Of this ſhe gave a moſt ſtriking proof, by ſuffering him to ſleep in the ſame bed with her, when he had taken the ſmall-pox, notwithſtanding ſhe had never had that dreadful diſorder, and was very apprehenſive of it. As the nurſe that ſuckled her little grandſon was young, and conſequently inclined to heavineſs, ſhe took this affectionate ſtep to prevent any diſagreeable conſequences that might ariſe from her negligence.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Auguſt 24, 17—.

ABOUT this time I received a letter from Mr. Quin, apologizing for not having kept his promiſe in paying me a viſit during the ſummer. He at the ſame time informed me, that although it was ſo late in the ſeaſon, he deſired I would make all poſſible haſte to London, as he had obtained an engagement for me, which would compenſate for Mr. Rich's behaviour the preceding winter. He told me that the proprietor had agreed to give me ſeven pounds a week with a free benefit; and that my ſalary was to commence from the opening of the houſe.

Mr.

Mr. Metham, who had ſtayed at home from the beginning of my illneſs, began now to find York very dull. He therefore languiſhed to be in London; and wiſhed me to accept of the offer. I made uſe of all the arguments in my power to prevail on him to ſuffer me to remain in a retirement where I was ſo happy; and where we could live genteely upon the moſt reaſonable terms. Though till our ſettling at York, I had never been accuſtomed to the management of a family, I had applied with ſo much induſtry to acquire a knowledge of it, and was become ſuch an œconomiſt, that our weekly expences did not exceed three guineas.

But neither the reaſons I could urge, nor even that power I once flattered myſelf I had acquired over his heart, could now avail. Fortunate would it have been for us both had I ſucceeded. But fate decreed it otherwiſe. And I was reſerved to ſuffer calamities, of which had it been poſſible for me to have acquired a foreknowledge, the very apprehenſion would have broken my heart, and prevented the completion of them.—Happy is it for mortals that they are not endowed with a preſcience of their future deſtiny.—The proſpect in general would prove ſo gloomy, that it would make them wiſh for their diſſolution, and too often tempt them to precipitate it.—Small evils would be magnified, by being viewed through

through the alarming perſpective, to inſurmountable ones; and every pleaſure loſt in the ſucceeding pain. We are therefore truly bleſt in this ignorance.

We did not ſet off for town till the beginning of February, having been prevented by my weakneſs from undertaking the journey before. And the waters happening to be out as we proceeded, this gave me ſome further time to recover ſtrength. On our arrival we went to a ready-furniſhed houſe in Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields, which had been taken for us, where I found two or three notes from Mr. Quin, who had expected me for ſeveral days. Soon after we were ſet down, I ſent to inform him that I was arrived, and he immediately anſwered my meſſage in perſon.

When congratulations were over, he ſaid, it was with the moſt ſingular pleaſure he could inform me, that ſince my return to the ſtage had been publickly announced, there had been continual enquiries about me, and the boxes taken for many nights. He added, that he was concerned he had made the agreement for me, though he thought it a good one *at the time*. But the eager deſire of the public to ſee me, gave him reaſon to think, that had he not engaged his word, I might have made my own terms. He further acquainted me, that Lord Tyrawley was gone to Ireland.

This intelligence relative to his Lordſhip gave me pleaſure, as I was ſenſible that there was but little probability of my obtaining his forgiveneſs; eſpecially as he had lately declared to Mr. Quin, that if Metham married me, he would never be reconciled to *him*, though he would not ſay he could totally forget *me*. As I was no ſtranger to his Lordſhip's inflexibility, I was the leſs anxious about him.

Steadineſs of diſpoſition is certainly a commendable virtue—and, on the contrary, inſtability is the greateſt weakneſs of human nature. Having maturely weighed the tendency and propriety of any determination, if it be agreeable to that rectitude we ought never to loſe ſight of, no inducement whatever, when it is once made, ſhould prevail on us to deviate from it.

By adhering to this exalted magnanimity, the heroes of Sparta and Rome immortalized their names; whilſt the great men of Egypt and Aſia acquired but little glory, through their ſlothful inſtability. That theſe are the real ſentiments of my mind, I have evinced upon many occaſions. This firmneſs has been even productive of all the wants I have experienced. I, however, can moſt ſolemnly affirm, that I never regretted my perſeverance in a reſolution, which, ſome years after, deprived me at once of all the elegancies of life; of reſpect—of envy upon

on account of my ſuppoſed happy ſituation—and likewiſe, of ſomething more than common praiſe from thoſe who honoured me with their intimacy. Judging of my veracity from the frankneſs with which I acknowledge my errors, I flatter myſelf you will favour me with your belief of this aſſertion.

This topic of *perſeverance* brings to my memory a converſation which once paſſed between the Hon. Charles Townſend and myſelf on the ſubject, and which, for the ſake of the ſingular anecdote it contains, I ſhall beg leave to repeat here. One day regretting that gentleman's inſtability, he told me it was happy for the country I lived in, that my mind was not inclined to miſchief; for if it was, I might prove as dangerous a member of ſociety as the once admired Comteſſe de ———, who was put to the torture on the Grieve at Lyons, for poiſoning her *eldeſt* ſon, that the *younger*, for whom ſhe had a greater affection, might inherit the family title and eſtates.

After having ſuffered the torture of the rack herſelf, the Comteſſe was ſeated in a chair on the Grieve, whilſt her ſon underwent the ſame puniſhment in order to extort a confeſſion from him; and ſhe beheld the agonies of her darling child with ſuch amazing fortitude and compoſure, that the ſpectators not only thought her guiltleſs, but in all probability would

have canonized her, had not the ſon at laſt pleaded guilty. Having done this, he was taken from the rack and placed cloſe by his mother, till he ſhould be ſo far recovered as to able to relate the particulars of their crime: when, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſurrounding multitude, the Comteſſe drew a knife which ſhe had ſecreted, and ſtuck it into the heart of her child, ſaying at the ſame time, with an audible voice, " *Meurs, fils! indigne d'une telle mere!*" * So great was the general conſternation at this ſudden and reſolute act, that the executioner had not preſence of mind ſufficient to prevent her from plunging the ſame weapon, which was reeking with the blood of her favourite boy, into her own boſom.—The relation of this ſtory filled my mind with horror. Nor was I very well pleaſed with the application of it; as I was conſcious, that however determined I uſually was in a good cauſe, my diſpoſition was ſo humane, that I would not willingly hurt a fly.

When I made my appearance at the theatre, my ſucceſs was greater than even my moſt ſanguine hopes, or Mr. Quin's converſation, gave me reaſon to expect. This cauſed the beautiful Mrs. Woffington to burſt with envy, as ſhe had now left the ſock for the buſkin.

* Die, ſon, unworthy of ſuch a mother.

My

My being obliged to play ſo often, before I was perfectly recovered from my late indiſpoſition, ſo much affected my health, that I was pronounced to be in what is uſually termed a galloping conſumption. Mr. Quin having a great partiality for Doctor Thompſon, to him I had recourſe for advice. This ſon of Æſculapius obtained a knowledge of the ſcience of phyſic by intuition; and though he had not received the aſſiſtance of a regular education, his practice was attended with very great ſucceſs, which was the more mortifying to the regular bred profeſſors.

Doctor Thompſon's was an eccentric character, but a pleaſing one. His oddities rendered him ſomewhat ſimilar to that of Sterne's uncle Toby, only their hobby-horſes were of a different nature. The ſingularity of his diſpoſition, joined to the opinion he entertained of his ſkill, induced the great Mr. Winnington to give him an invitation to live in the houſe with him; which added not a little to the illiberal abuſe, and ſcurrilous denominations, that were beſtowed upon him. Doctor Thompſon, however, in a ſhort time reſtored me to health, and Mr. Metham to his ſenſes, who had been almoſt diſtracted, and continually reproaching himſelf as the cauſe of my indiſpoſition, by perſuading me, againſt my inclination, to come to town.

About this time Mr. Rich got up a new pantomime, which he called "The Fair," the moſt indifferent entertainment of that ſpecies he had ever fabricated. In it he introduced a celebrated wire-dancer; a meaſure which greatly diſguſted Mr. Quin. So much diſpleaſed was this gentleman, that after ſaying it was an *inſult* offered to a Theatre-Royal to put it upon a footing with Sadler's-Wells, he declared, that, if the event took place, he would not appear in any piece that ſhould precede it. Mr. Rich, who was, as I have already ſaid, the moſt reſolute of men, when once his natural indolence had permitted him to form a reſolution, however, perſiſted in it, and it was accordingly brought out.

In order to make her court to the great man, Mrs. Woffington likewiſe refuſed to appear. Mr. Quin had not, at that time, come to an open rupture with her. The refuſal of this lady was reckoned the more extraordinary, and drew on her the greater degree of cenſure, as there was a report current, that when a child ſhe had been what is uſually termed a *make-weight* to Madam Violante, the firſt wire-dancer that ever appeared in Ireland.

Mr. Rich having met with this oppoſition from two of his capital performers, began to be apprehenſive that I ſhould follow their example. But I ſoon put an end to the manager's apprehenſions on this

this ſcore; for as I always conſidered it to be a duty incumbent on every performer to ſubmit to the direction of their employer, in all his juſtifiable commands, I informed him, I had never entertained a thought of that nature. At the ſame time, as Mr. Lee then belonged to the company, I adviſed him to revive the play of "Romeo and Juliet," as altered by Mr. Sheridan, from Otway's "Caius Marius."

This advice Mr. Rich purſued, and found it to anſwer his purpoſe, as that piece ran many nights. And on his requeſting me to *appear* upon the ſtage in the pantomime, I readily complied; and never received ſuch reiterated applauſe in any character I ever performed. The ſucceſs the manager met with in the proſecution of his plan, notwithſtanding their oppoſition to it, made the two ſeceding performers, I have reaſon to believe, heartily repent of their nicety; for as it was evident from the inceſſant plaudits the audience beſtowed upon me, that they approved of my compliance, it is but reaſonable to ſuppoſe they were diſpleaſed at the non-appearance of Mr. Quin and Mrs. Woffington.

Mr. Quin had for ſome time entertained a diſlike to Mrs. Woffington, which now increaſed, as I no longer fought her battles with him; and upon his refuſing to grant a requeſt at her benefit, which he thought unreaſonable, ſhe was illiberal enough to

ſay ſomething diſreſpectful of his mother; who had been many years in the grave. The old gentleman, irritated by ſo unwarrantable an attack, told her in the public green-room, that it would be wronging the aſhes of the dead to call her Sarah Malcomb. All the gentlemen preſent, even to her own admirers, laughed at the appellation beſtowed upon her; for, from a perſon ſo famed for wit as Mr. Quin, every trifle paſſes as ſuch, and is ſuppoſed deſerving of a laugh. Stamp but the effigy of a prince upon lead, and it paſſes current.

Mrs. Woffington, beſides her allowed beauty and figure, had certainly a ſtrong natural underſtanding; but it was uncultivated. She ſeemed to build her fame for wit upon what is vulgarly called *Blackguardiſm*. Having given offence to Mr. Quin, ſhe was led to believe that he would prove an inveterate enemy to her. A ſuperficial knowledge of that great and good man might lead a perſon into ſuch an error; but a more intimate acquaintance with his diſpoſition would convince them that he was incapable of rancour. His ſentiments, though hid under the rough manner he had aſſumed, would have done honour to his OWN *Cato*; for, by all accounts, he exceeded the original *.

* Mr. Booth, to whom each party, wiſhing to have him of their ſide, made uncommon preſents.

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By an attention to the *actions* of a man can we alone judge of his real character.—Under a ſtern countenance and moroſe manners, is often found, as in the inſtance before us, a benevolent, humane, and honeſt heart.—Whilſt the ſmile, the bow, the ſqueeze by the hand, the ready promiſe, and all the grimace of affected courteſy, too frequently conceal the dark deſigning, avaricious, unfeeling villain.—But however pleaſing the more ſpecious demeanour of the latter may be, one ounce of plain ſincerity of the former (to make uſe of a proverbial phraſe) is worth a pound of it.

The ſituation of Mrs. Woffington being rendered uneaſy, by the jealouſy of her lover at home, and the anxiety of the one abroad; and at the theatre, by the envy of her own mean mind, and her diſappointment from Melpomene's refuſal to admit her as a favourite, ſhe took dudgeon, and ſet off for Dublin; where her beauty alone would inſure her ſucceſs.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XXXIX.

Auguſt 31, 17—.

AT the approach of my benefit, I received a card from Miſs Conway, deſiring me to attend at Lei-

ceſter-houſe the next day, as their Royal Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Wales intended me the honour of a command upon my night. So flattering a diſtinction, you may be aſſured, was highly pleaſing to me; and I was happy in obeying the mandate.

Whilſt I was there, I was witneſs to a mark of the moſt diſtinguiſhed *innate* good breeding I ever ſaw. Her Grace the Dutcheſs of Chandos had been lately introduced at court. This lady was beautiful to a degree; but as the Duke had elevated her from the loweſt obſcurity to his bed and title, no great expectations were to be formed of her politeneſs or accompliſhments. But natural endowments ſometimes atone for the want of theſe; of which this inſtance is a proof. The ſun happened to ſhine full upon her Royal Highneſs, and appeared to be rather troubleſome. Upon which the Dutcheſs, with a grace which would have done honour to a lady born and bred in a court, croſſed the drawing-room, with the greateſt eaſe, let down the lattice, and returned to her place.—The conſiderateneſs of the thought, and the elegance of her Grace's manner as ſhe carried it into execution, made an impreſſion at the time on my mind, and eſtabliſhed in it a favourable opinion of her deportment ever after.

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The play choſe by their Royal Highneſſes, was "The Siege of Damaſcus;" in which Mr. Quin was uncommonly capital in the character of Caled. So much ſo, indeed, was he, that he ſeemed actually to enjoy his *prophet's paradiſe* whilſt on earth. Unfortunately for myſelf, as well as the public, his Royal Highneſs was taken ill before the night of my benefit arrived, and in a few days expired. The theatre of courſe was ſhut up for ſome time, and the benefits protracted. This occaſioned the houſe to continue open longer than uſual.

During the time of the ſecond mourning for his Royal Highneſs, the following ludicrous event happened. The juſtly celebrated Colley Cibber being one day in the green-room, and obſerving his ſon to enter, dreſſed in a *black* ſatin coat and breeches, with *white* ſatin *apparaments*, and a waiſtcoat trimmed with ſilver frogs, he inquired of him what character he performed that night. To which the *young* man, who had now attained his *fiftieth* year, replied, "None, Sir."

Struck with the oddity of his appearance, the father, having taken a pinch of ſnuff, with a very ſolemn air, ſuch as would have become Sir Novelty Faſhion, then aſked him what made him appear in ſo ſingular a dreſs? "Taſte, Sir, taſte," anſwered the youth, with his uſual pertneſs. Upon which the

ſire, being now highly exaſperated at the abſurdity and impertinence of the ſon, exclaimed, with the moſt ſovereign contempt in his tone and manner. "*Then, I pity you!*" "Don't pity me, Sir," replied Theophilus, turning upon his heel, at the ſame time, with the utmoſt effrontery, "Pity my tailor."

As another trait of this gentleman's character, I muſt inform you, that he had ſuch a paſſion for being talked of, that he inquired of his ſervant what the world ſaid of him; and upon the domeſtic's telling him that they did not entertain the moſt favourable opinion of him, the Foppington of the time replied, "Well! let them but ſpeak of me at all, and "I ſhall be ſatisfied."

When this oddity was formed, Nature certainly was not in the beſt of humours; as he was not able, like Mr. Collins * (of whom I think I have formerly made mention) *to boaſt of her liberal gifts.* To a ſhort ſquat figure, was joined an enormous head, with the moſt frightful face I ever beheld. The lat-

* Whilſt I had a ſhare in conducting the Edinburgh Theatre, this gentleman applied to me, among many others, to be engaged. His application was made by letter, and thus began. "CONSCIOUS "OF NATURE'S LIBERAL GIFTS, I apply to you for an engage-"ment." And upon my writing to inform him, that I was ready to engage him at two guineas a week, I was honoured, by the next poſt, with the following laconic epiſtle. "I can only ſay, with "Archer, I live better as I am."

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ter endowment was, indeed, frequently of ſervice to him; as, in his acting, he made uglineſs to paſs for grimace: beſides which, he ſubſtituted pertneſs and aſſurance for wit and humour. I ſcarcely need to inform you, I ſuppoſe, that this extraordinary character was unfortunately drowned in his paſſage to Ireland, and that his body was afterwards taken up on the coaſt of Wales, embracing his favourite dulcinea.

I muſt beg your patience whilſt I finiſh my picture of this ſtrange perſonage, by adding, that he was a compound of meanneſs and extravagance. He was profuſe without being generous; and would borrow money from every one of his contemporaries (notwithſtanding he had a very conſiderable appointment) and that without the ſmalleſt intention of ever repaying them.

The regard I had for his father introduced him to me. But his demands were ſo frequent, that, at length, tired out, I *gave* him a ſum, that he might never *borrow* of me again. I muſt juſt obſerve, that moſt perſons, particularly too many of thoſe belonging to the theatres, have *two* characters. How different this from the inimitable Shuter! who, though he fell a victim to his inebriety, had a heart fraught with every ſocial virtue; and was ſo generous, that he

he could never ſuffer diſtreſs to go unrelieved, as far as lay in his power, while he poſſeſſed a ſhilling.

How amiable ſuch a character, when contraſted with the portrait I have juſt been drawing! One poſſeſſed of an open, generous diſpoſition, ever ready to extend his hand to the relief of the unfortunate, and no perſon's enemy but his own; the other mean, ſelfiſh, and artful, always upon the watch to take advantage of the benevolent and unſuſpicious, and ever inveloped in duplicity and falſehood. But as they are both gone to receive the reward of their actions, I ſhould not thus have pointed out the contraſt, had it not been from a hope, that the document may prove inſtructive.

Mr. Metham's love of play grew more violent every day; and my being ſo much at the theatre gave him the more frequent opportunities to indulge this propenſity, as it prevented him from ſtaying at home. At the concluſion of the ſeaſon, I retired to a ſmall houſe at Knightſbridge, and he went into Yorkſhire, where my mother had continued with my little George. The Honourable Mr. Brudenell, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Metham's, was kind enough to ſupply me with what money I had occaſion for during his abſence. This was not a very large ſum, as I ſaw but little company, having no acquaintances in town.

But Mr. Metham having met with more ſucceſs at play, during his excurſion into the country, than he expected, he came to town ſooner than he intended, and took a large houſe in King-ſtreet, St. James's. He then ſet up an equipage, and lived in a ſtile, that twice his fortune was not adequate to. Our houſe ſoon became the reſort of all the young people of faſhion in town; and as Mrs. Dives's family viſited me, the ladies with whom I had been acquainted before my connection with Mr. Metham, made no objection to renew their viſits.

At this period, the famous conteſted election between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput was carried on with the greateſt party zeal ever known. And a company of French players having come over to exhibit at the little theatre in the Hay-Market, his Lordſhip's patronizing them raiſed a popular clamour againſt him; and it was made a motive for keeping up the oppoſition longer than it otherwiſe would have been. I, as well as moſt of my acquaintance, was as anxious for the ſucceſs of his Lordſhip, as if the fate of the nation depended upon it. I ſent a ſervant every half hour to the huſtings, to enquire how the poll went on; to which an anſwer was returned me by Captain Shaftoe, or ſome of the gentlemen on the ſame ſide of the queſtion. I gave public breakfaſts on the occaſion. And though, to the

the beſt of my knowledge, I had never ſeen his Lordſhip, yet I was as warmly intereſted for him, as if I had been honoured with his friendſhip.

I muſt here ſtop a minute or two, as I uſually do when any incident excites reflections in my mind, juſt to make a few remarks on the party zeal I have been giving an account of.—During a conteſted election, how many are there whoſe principles are built upon no wiſer a foundation than my own, merely upon accident!—Biaſſed by intereſted friends, influenced by popular clamour, or perhaps excited by leſs ſubſtantial reaſons, people ruſh headlong into the conteſt; and then farewel to reaſon and moderation. Prejudices are now entertained; intimacies diſſolved; and the deareſt friends, if they happen to differ in ſentiment, know one another no longer.—The colour of a ribbon can give birth to the moſt uncharitable ideas. The wearer of it, though a perfect ſtranger, is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs every bad quality, and deſerving of Bridewell, if not of the flames.—Drunkenneſs, riot, noiſe, confuſion, maims, wounds, and murder, are too often the conſequences of theſe party-feuds.—And all for what? The choice of a perſon for a repreſentative, who, perhaps, the moment his election is gained, does not care a ſtraw for you or your whole generation; and who, as ſoon as he enters the doors of St. Stephen's Chapel, deſerts

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the very cauſe you had been ſo zealous to ſupport.—Zeal, tempered by moderation, is undoubtedly allowable on theſe occaſions; but when carried to extremes, is deſerving of cenſure. The foregoing obſervations, I own, do not well become the pen of a woman; but as my own conduct has given riſe to them, and truth cannot come amiſs from any pen, I will e'en hazard them.

During the election, the following ludicrous event happened, which, I doubt not, will afford you the ſame entertainment it did me. Mr. St. Leger, the gentleman I mentioned in a former letter, who behaved with ſuch impropriety to me at the theatre, being juſt returned from his travels, came to pay me a morning viſit. With a good underſtanding, a fine figure, and a handſome face, he had in his manner a good deal of the *coxcomb*, which had received no little addition from his having made the grand tour. Indeed, he was as highly finiſhed as the fine gentleman in "Lethe."

As I never enter into any concern that I intereſt myſelf in by halves, but purſue it with my whole attention, my impatience one morning carried me to the window, to ſee if the mercury I had diſpatched to the huſtings was upon his return; when, who ſhould I ſee at the extremity of the ſtreet, but Mr. St. Leger, accoutred as the complete fine gentleman. He had on

on a white ſurtout, with a crimſon cape, a French waiſtcoat, his hair *en papillote*, a feather in his hat, a *couteau de chaſſe* by his ſide, with a ſmall cane hanging to his button, and attended by two Italian greyhounds.

As he came nearly oppoſite the houſe, eſpying me at the window, he called out to me, "*Bonne nouvelle!* "*Bonne nouvelle!*" A ſcavenger's cart being cloſe by, the fellows left their employment to look at this phænomenon. When viewing him with great earneſtneſs, one of them cried to the other, "Tom! "ſmoke Mr. Red-heels." Mr. St. Leger, who poſſeſſed as much perſonal courage, with proportionable ſtrength, as any man in England, no ſooner heard this inſult, than ſtepping to the fellow, he caught him up, and fairly chucked him into his own cart. Having done this, he walked in with a *ſang froid*, that was not to be expected in the cooleſt mind, after ſuch an adventure. He then joined my company, who had been highly entertained by the incident, with the ſame compoſure.

After enquiries relative to the election, which poſſeſſed the firſt place in our thoughts, and of our ſucceſs, in which he brought the joyful tidings, Mr. St. Leger told us, among other laughable ſtories, the following adventure, which had befallen him the night before. Being in the front boxes at Drury-Lane

Lane theatre, he remarked that Woodward (having ſeen him in the Park, as he afterwards found) had dreſſed a character he appeared in exactly in the ſame ſuit he then had on. Juſt under him, in the pit, ſat a lion *, (as he expreſſed himſelf) with a cauliflower wig on; who, being amazed at the ſimilitude, with all the honeſt ſimplicity of a citizen, looked firſt at the actor, and then at him, with an expreſſion of aſtoniſhment in his countenance, that diſpleaſed the travelled gentleman. St. Leger, therefore, without any heſitation, told him, that if he turned his head round once more, he would reſent it in a manner that ſhould not be very pleaſing to him.

The gaping citizen, however, perſiſting, St. Leger, with the ſame *nonchalance* he had juſt given us a ſpeciman of in the affair with the duſtman, ſnatched off his pompous wig, and flung it on the ſtage; ſaying aloud at the ſame time, "I give that fellow you "ſee *there*," (pointing to Woodward) "leave to "take me off; but let me tell you, friend, that no "tallow-chandler or ſoap-boiler ſhall divert himſelf "at my expence, with impunity." Honeſt John Bull was much grieved to ſee his church-going wig treated with ſo much indignity, and would have reſented the affront; but being informed that he had

* A term at that time in vogue for a cit.

miſtaken

miſtaken his man, and that, inſtead of the puppy he had ſuppoſed him from his dreſs to be, his antagoniſt was the fighting St. Leger, he very quietly covered his pate with his pocket-handkerchief, to the inexpreſſible entertainment of thoſe around him; and ſitting down, waited very patiently till the concluſion of the piece, for the recovery of his wig, which had thus ſuffered for its maſter's impertinence.—As ſoon as the play was over, Mr. St. Leger went behind the ſcenes, with the ſame unconcern, and taking the actor who had perſonated him kindly by the hand, only ſaid, "Ah Woodward! you have been very "quick upon me!"

The gaining our election, joined to this gentleman's ſallies, which had the appearance of wit, put the whole company into great good humour. To the foregoing ſtory he added a very pleaſant relation of his travels, and recounted numberleſs inſtances in which he had met with hair-breadth eſcapes.

From him I learnt, that his ſiſter's ill ſtate of health made it neceſſary for her to go to the ſouth of France, to which Lord and Lady Doneraile had accompanied her. This was a great mortification to me, as I really loved her, and had been long honoured with her confidence. I recollected with pleaſure our little parties in the attic ſtorey of Lord Doneraile's houſe in Soho-Square. They were much talked

talked of that time, and very great intereſt was made by many men of faſhion to Miſs Conway and myſelf, to get them admitted to thoſe feſtive parties.

I had prevailed upon Miſs St. Leger, before ſhe went abroad, to conſult Doctor Thompſon, who had proved ſucceſsful in reſtoring me to health, when I was afflicted with the ſame complaint. But the unfortunate event of Mr. Winnington's death prevented it from being practicable. This great man, during his illneſs, obſtinately perſiſted in not having any other advice than that of his favourite Thompſon, leſt the regular phyſicians ſhould refuſe to act with him. He at length died; and his death made a very great noiſe, as, from his being a real patriot, his loſs was a public concern. The phyſicians made no ſcruple of charging his death to the ignorance of Thompſon. This accuſation, united with the chagrin occaſioned by the deceaſe of his friend, was too much for his ſenſibility to bear. They turned his brain; and I had the unhappineſs to hear, that my reſtorer had left this envious world to join his patron. An event which gave great joy to the legitimate ſons of Æſculapius; who had every reaſon to fear, from his extenſive knowledge and unexampled ſucceſs, (it ſcarcely having ever failed but in the melancholy inſtanch juſt mentioned) a conſiderable decreaſe in their practice.

G. A. B.

## LETTER XL.

Sept. 8, 17—.

THE expences which Mr. Metham had injudiciouſly fallen into, involved him not a little, and rendered it neceſſary for him to reviſit York. He had introduced to me an amiable French nobleman, the Marquis de Vernieul; and likewiſe Madam Brilliant, one of the performers that came over in the French troop, conducted by Monſ. Monnet, which had been treated with ſo little urbanity by the mobility.

I had now contracted a taſte for expence; and, without conſidering that I was not entitled to gratify it equally with the perſons of faſhion with whom I was intimate, could not think of curbing the propenſity.—So do habits of this nature creep and creep upon us by degrees, till they become too ſtrong for reaſon and prudence to maſter. And nothing but the fatal conſequences which naturally reſult from them, can reſtore the mind to its wonted tone.—When the ſtroke comes, the world takes the alarm; and cenſures are beſtowed upon us from every quarter; without its being conſidered, that the infatuation has ſtolen upon us by imperceivable advances, clouded our perception, hoodwinked our judgement, and brought on a total blindneſs to the common evils.

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Without having regard to the expence, I now took a houſe at Richmond. One inducement was, that Lord Tyrawley had lately returned to England, and reſided at that delightful village. Notwithſtanding I well knew his Lordſhip's inflexibility, as I have already obſerved, ſome glimmering hopes would now and then riſe in my mind, that the regard he once had for me would rekindle, and induce him to reſtore me to his favour. I had the more reaſon to hope this, as Mr. Metham was now abſent; and his permitting his two nephews and his niece to live with me, gave the world aſſurance, that if I was not already his wife, he meant to make me ſo.

The French players were ſo reduced, from the little encouragement they met with, that they had nothing to ſubſiſt on. I therefore ſet on foot a ſubſcription, and raiſed a conſiderable ſum for them.—But, by a chain of diſagreeable circumſtances, the *Brilliant* was left in the greateſt diſtreſs. I therefore complimented her with an apartment in my houſe in town, which ſhe gladly accepted, till ſhe could procure an engagement in ſome company in her own country.

Soon after my arrival at Richmond, I had the happineſs to effect a reconciliation with Lord Tyrawley. And it was fortunate for me that I did ſo, as his bounty was very needful to me at this time; for, notwith-

notwithſtanding my ſalary, which was a handſome one—the emoluments of my benefit, which were great—and the generoſity of Mr. Metham, which was unlimited, I frequently found myſelf without a guinea; a circumſtance far from pleaſing to a diſpoſition like mine, to a heart ſuſceptible of no gratification equal to that of relieving the neceſſities of others.—Of all the pleaſures this world can beſtow, that of *giving* is certainly the moſt exquiſite and ſatisfactory. More real happineſs reſults from it, than can enter into the imagination of the ſelfiſh. Like Mercy, "it is twice bleſſed; it bleſſeth him that "gives, and him that takes." And if the advantage lies on either ſide, it is on that of the giver. I claim, however, no merit for the little aſſiſtance I have been able to beſtow on others. It was an impulſe of nature that *I could not* reſiſt. It was an impulſe of nature that I *wiſhed not* to reſiſt. And though to the preſent hour I labour under many and great inconveniences, from the indulgencies of this liberal diſpoſition, inſtead of regretting it, I bleſs the *great Giver*, that he has favoured me with ſo large a portion of his own beneficence.

The Marquis de Vernieul was lively, though one of the *Academie Royal*. Lord Tyrawley, to whom I introduced him, was much pleaſed with his company, and my little houſe in the vineyard was always

ways crowded. I had with me, beſides my own family, the widow of Mr. Delany, and Miſs Hilyard, a daughter of Lord Frederick Cavendiſh, who made ſuch a proficiency in dancing, that ſhe afterwards appeared with great eclat upon the ſtage. And though ſhe was far from handſome, ſhe might have made her fortune, had ſhe been inclined to enter the liſts of gallantry.

A moſt ludicrous anecdote of this young lady's mother juſt occurs to my memory, the relation of which will make her Grace of Queenſberry appear in a far more extraordinary point of view than any I have hitherto placed her in.

Mrs. Hilyard having the honour of being woman to her Grace, the Dutcheſs, one day, after looking for ſome moments very earneſtly at her, told her, that unleſs ſhe inſtantly complied with what ſhe was about to propoſe to her, ſhe would diſcharge her from her ſervice. The poor woman, anxious to oblige her lady, and at the ſame time to retain her place, told her Grace, that ſhe was ready to obey her commands in whatever lay in her power. But what was her aſtoniſhment, when ſhe heard her lady inſiſt on her immediately having her fore-teeth pulled out. It was in vain for Mrs. Hilyard to remonſtrate, ſhe knew her Grace's diſpoſition too well, to hope, that ſhe would not carry her intention, cruel as it

was, into execution. Prefering, therefore, her intereſt to her beauty, ſhe ſubmitted to have one of her upper, and one of her under teeth drawn, and eſteemed herſelf fortunate to come off at ſo cheap a rate; for her Grace had at firſt inſiſted on having the whole of her front teeth taken out; but either ſoftened by the tears of her ſuffering attendant, or conſcious of the abſurdity of the injunction, ſhe compounded the matter whilſt ſhe was under the operator's hands, and was ſatisfied with the eradication of two.

It was one day propoſed by the Marquis, that we ſhould engage the aſſembly-room, in order to perform ſome French plays. This we accordingly ſet about. The two Miſs Merediths, with whom I was ſtill intimate, ſpoke French like natives; and ſo did my two viſitants. Theſe ladies, with myſelf, made a tolerable company, without the aid of the Marquis. But he joined us, and I likewiſe ſent for Madam Brilliant, who completed our number; and in a ſhort time we were able to perform Andromache, Zaire, and the Atalia of Racine.

Our frolick was, however, attended with no little expence; for we not only entertained the nobility and gentry with a mental feaſt, but, to ſhew the liberality of our diſpoſitions, we treated them, likewiſe, with all the delicacies the ſeaſon would produce.—

Theſe

Theſe we procured from London; and I was as happy in the ſplendour of the night, as if I had been really poſſeſſed of the power of Athalia to ſupport ſuch an expence. The Marquis paid for the room, lights, muſic, wine and ſervants. I furniſhed the ward-robe, fruit, tea, &c. &c. But this was not all; for, at the concluſion of the flight, by way of epilogue, I found that I had alſo a debt of three hundred pounds to diſcharge.

But I was fully repaid for the trifle this affair had coſt me, by the promiſes of Monet; who aſſured me, that if I would take a trip to Paris, the next ſummer, I ſhould not only eclipſe the Du Menil and Goſin, but even captivate the Grand Monarque himſelf. Notwithſtanding I loved Mr. Metham with the trueſt affection, and would have rejected being a ſecond Maintenon for his ſake, yet, the flattering proſpect of holding a ſovereign in my chains, and at the ſame time nobly rejecting him, which I was fully determined to do, preſented ſuch a train of pleaſing ideas to my mind, that I thought the expence which inſured me ſo much happineſs a mere bagatelle.

Mr. Metham having had a bad run at Scarborough, and the year our houſe in King-ſtreet was taken for being elapſed, he wrote me word that he was no longer able to keep it on; and therefore deſired I would quit it. He added, that as his father continued in-

flexible in his reſolution of not ſupporting his extravagance, his coming to town would be uncertain.—He further informed me, that he had met Mr. Garrick upon a viſit at Lord Burlington's, who expreſſed a very great opinion of my talents, and wiſhed to have me of his company. From all theſe circumſtances, he adviſed me to take a temporary lodging, till he and Major Burton, who was with him, could raiſe money to extricate themſelves, and come to town; from whence the Major intended to follow Miſs St. Leger to the South of France.

I now, for the firſt time, began to think of pecuniary matters. I found myſelf greatly involved; and though, from being under age, I had no apprehenſions for my liberty, yet, my ſpirit was much hurt by being aſked for money which I could not immediately pay. My hopes of aſſiſtance from Lord Tyrawley was now at an end, as his Lordſhip was preparing to go to his government at Gibraltar, to which it was become neceſſary he ſhould depart with all expedition, as the fortifications wanted conſiderable repairs. And indeed, if his Lordſhip had continued in England, his own love of expence would have put it out of his power to ſupport mine.

About this period, the youngeſt Dives, who had been ſome time with me, was taken ill. And as I loved the children as well as my own, particularly this

this, he demanded all my care. My much-eſteemed Miſs Conway had likewiſe relapſed. The Marquis was gone to Scarborough to join Mr. Metham, and ſee that place. He was, however, to return ſoon, when he was to bring me a recruit of caſh, together with intelligence of my lover, and of my dear boy, who with my mother remained ſtill at York.

Every thing thus ſeemed to conſpire to make me thoughtful; and as my diſpoſition ſeldom retained a proper medium, but was always in the extreme, I was now near falling into a ſtate of dejection; which my intimates were apprehenſive would prove of ſerious conſequences. When Hugh Dives recovered, I came to town, and took what is generally called a furniſhed houſe in Frith-ſtreet, Soho. What is meant by a ready furniſhed houſe, is a houſe with a few old chairs, tables, &c. of trifling value, but which greatly enhances the rent.

The town upon my return to London, being quite deſerted, and conſequently very dull, I took it into my head to go to Tunbridge to viſit the eſtate of my progenitor Mr. Seal. I accordingly ſent to have lodgings taken for me at Mount Sion; a place, which but for my grandmother's imprudent marriage, would have become in time the property of myſelf.

Having frequently taken notice of a genteel looking lad, although in rags, who waited upon a poor muſician that lived oppoſite to me, I ordered O'Bryen to enquire whether he wanted a place. Being almoſt ſtarved for want of food, and poiſoned with dirt, the youth readily anſwered that he ſhould be glad to leave his preſent ſituation. I accordingly hired him. When he came, I found that he was of Bruges in Flanders; which was all the intelligence relative to his hiſtory the ſervants could get out of him. But there was ſomething ſo diſtinguiſhed in his manner and behaviour, that notwithſtanding I had engaged him to do the drudgery of the houſe, my own man and he ſhared it between them as it caſually offered. The boy had not been long with me, before he ſhewed his gratitude for the comfortable exchange I had offered him by the moſt alert induſtry, and ſcrupulous attention to my wiſhes; and to ſuch a height did he carry his zeal to pleaſe me, that he ſeemed almoſt to pay me divine honours.

Having formed the reſolution of ſetting out for Tunbridge, I thought it would derogate from my conſequence were I to travel with leſs than a ſet of horſes. I therefore ſent to Tubbs ordering him to add four bright bays to my own two; and I ſet off for the Wells, in my coach and ſix, with my own maid and two footmen. I took with me my favourite Virgil,

to

to amuſe myſelf on the road; and enjoying by anticipation the exquiſite ſatisfaction I ſhould reap from the conqueſt I was aſſuredly to make the next ſummer, of ſo great and powerful a perſonage as the French King, was as great in my own imagination as the Queen of Carthage.—O vanity! vanity! with what pleaſing deliriums is the mind of poor weak women too often filled by thy flattering inſpirations! —But ah! how unreal and deluſive are thy faireſt promiſes!—And yet, bewitching impoſtor! though we are ſenſible that the bliſs thou doſt beſtow is tranſitory, and the expectations thou doſt faſhion uncertain, we hug thee to our boſoms, and driving away reaſon and reflection, blindly encourage thy deluſions.——I have your licence you know for theſe flights.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XLI.

September 13, 17—.

WHEN I arrived at the Wells, I met with a mortification, which was rendered the more extreme by the vain imaginations I had given way to during my journey. A proof of the impropriety of indulging thoſe *waking dreams*. I think I never felt ſo much

from the moſt degrading circumſtance of my life, as from the humiliating ſituation I was thrown into by it.

Mr. St. Leger, whoſe intimacy with Mr. Metham, and the long acquaintance that had ſubſiſted between myſelf and him, placed upon terms of the utmoſt freedom and familiarity, was my firſt viſitor. As ſoon as he entered, I ran to receive him in my uſual free way; when I could not help obſerving that he accoſted me with a cool reſpect, in lieu of that gaiety with which he was accuſtomed to approach me. Upon my enquiring the reaſon, he informed me, that he was paying his addreſſes to Miſs Butler, (with whom, as related, I was formerly very intimate) and hoped in a few days to be made happy. That the occaſion of his viſit was a requeſt which that lady's mother had to make to me. She intreated to know from me, begging pardon at the ſame time for the liberty ſhe was taking, whether I was really married to Mr. Metham, as report ſaid: If not, although ſhe had a very great regard for me, it would not be in the power of either herſelf or her daughter to take notice of me. This, he added, would be productive of a very mortifying reception at the rooms, there being a number of Iriſh nobility and gentry at the Wells, who had been acquainted with me at her houſe

houſe in Dublin, and who naturally would follow their example.

This was a thunderbolt to my vanity. I could not ſuſtain the unexpected ſhock. All my vain ideas of ſelf-conſequence vaniſhed in a moment; and I found myſelf a deſpicable wretch, unworthy the patronage of one of the beſt of women. As ſoon as I could recover myſelf, I thanked him for having ſaved me, by this timely viſit, from ſo public a mortification as I muſt have experienced had I gone to the rooms. I begged he would give my reſpects to Mrs. Butler and her daughter, and inform them, that I was, and ever ſhould be, truly ſenſible of the marks of friendſhip with which they had honoured me, and that I ſhould ever retain the moſt grateful ſenſe of their goodneſs. But that I ſhould feel that I was unworthy of ever having been ſo happy, could I repay them with deception. I muſt therefore candidly acknowledge, that notwithſtanding I had every reaſon to believe Mr. Metham would make me his wife, and he had actually given me leave to aſſume that character, the ceremony had not as yet paſſed. I added, that ſince upon this account I could not hope for the honour of her notice, I would immediately return to London.

Mr. St. Leger perſuaded me to wait the event, as he was certain my frankneſs would have a much

better effect than if I had endeavoured to impoſe a falſehood on the ladies. He ſaid, as there was a ball that evening, and Mrs. Butler and her daughter were there, he ſhould not have an opportunity of making her acquainted with my *unexampled* ſincerity, as he was pleaſed to term it, till the next morning. He gave it that epithet, he told me, becauſe, to his knowledge, the deception would never have been diſcovered, had I choſe to have made uſe of it, as Mr. Metham, upon ſuch an occaſion, would readily have ſupported me in it.

But I was reſolute. And, after Mr. St. Leger's departure, the conſequences of the evening fully confirmed my reſolution to return to town. For ſome of my good friends, who had heard of my arrival, coming to ſee me, cards were propoſed. As I wiſhed to hide the chagrin that Mr. St. Leger's converſation had occaſioned, I readily joined in the propoſal; and ſitting down, found, when the company broke up, that, out of two hundred and odd pounds I had brought down with me, I only retained twelve guineas; and out of theſe I had a week's lodgings to pay, which amounted to half of them.

The next morning I ſet out on my return, with only one ſolitary half-guinea in my purſe, and a mind ſtill more exhauſted. So humble was it, that I could not trace the leaſt reſemblance of the *Impe-*

*rial*

*rial Dido* in it, to whom, on my approach, I had vainly compared myſelf.—Thus ended my adventure at Tunbridge Wells; and a moſt delightful one (to expreſs myſelf in the true Hibernian dialect) *to be ſure, it was, it was.*

On my journey back I dined at Bromley; but when the bill was brought in, I was obliged to my hand-maid, O'Bryen, for being enabled to diſcharge it. This deſcendant from kings not only aſſiſted me with her purſe upon this occaſion, but adminiſtered comfort to me, which I was equally in want of.—Obſerving that I was much affected at what had paſſed at Tunbridge, which could not be concealed from her, ſhe endeavoured to keep up my ſpirits, by aſſuring me, that ſhe had not the leaſt doubt, but that next ſummer ſhe ſhould ſee me doubly repaid for the chagrin I had ſuſtained there, by the reputation I ſhould acquire in France. "For, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "will you not then be eſteemed as bright a pat-"tern of virtue, through your rejecting the offers of "ſo great a man as the French king? take my word "for it you will."

This well-timed obſervation of my faithful Iriſh *woman*, drove from my mind that dejection which had a few moments before overwhelmed it; and raiſed me, in my own opinion, nearly to the ſame elevated pitch of conſequence I had aſſumed during my

journey down. How happy is it for our ſex, that the moſt humiliating impreſſions do not leave indelible marks on the heart!—Vanity is ever *buoyant*, and when it only ſoars to an allowable height, it is by no means cenſurable.—It then anſwers the nobleſt purpoſes, and is productive of the beſt conſequences; which, without ſtaying to enumerate them, I ſhall comprize in—a wiſh to render themſelves pleaſing.

I was ſet down in Frith-ſtreet the ſame evening, without meeting with any impediment, and without a ſhilling in my pocket towards paying for the four coach and two ſaddle-horſes I had thought neceſſary to my pomp. This, however, was a matter of little concern to me, as I could ſend to Mr. Brudenell for a recruit, who ſeldom left town, even during the ſummer ſeaſon. I accordingly ſent to him, and, on my informing him of my wants, he immediately accommodated me with twenty guineas.

As my Flemiſh boy, Peter, was ſtanding at the door, waiting for the return of the meſſenger I had ſent to Mr. Brudenell, before whoſe arrival the extra horſes could not be diſcharged, two gentlemen paſſed by. Upon obſerving the equipage, the elder of the two, addreſſing the other, wondered whoſe it was. To which my boy pertly replied, "My miſ-"treſs's." Ah! returned the ſame gentleman, "I

"ſhould

" ſhould be glad to know who is to pay for it!"— They then went on. Poor Peter, who could not brook any indignity offered to his miſtreſs, immediately came to inform me of the event, which ſo much affected him, that the tears ſtood in his eyes.

Seeing the lad ſo much hurt, I called him a fool, and aſked him why he did not tell the rude man that it belonged to him, if he had no objection. The meſſenger not being returned, the coach ſtill ſtood at the door, and Peter had reſumed his ſtation, when the ſame gentleman re-paſſed. Upon which, Peter hearing the remark repeated, immediately anſwered, " Your's, Sir." To this the gentleman ſaid, he could not have the leaſt objection; and without any ceremony, they walked up ſtairs, to the no ſmall ſurpriſe of Peter and myſelf.

Who ſhould the gentlemen be, but Mr. Fox and his commis Mr. Calcraft. I own I was much ſtartled when they entered, having never ſeen Mr. Fox but once before. I had, indeed, had the happineſs of being introduced to his lady by the daughters of the Earl of Albemarle. Thoſe ladies had honoured me with peculiar marks of diſtinction; particularly the late Lady Caroline and the Marchioneſs of Taviſtock. Here I muſt ſtop to bedew the memory of thoſe two beſt of women, with a tear of the ſincereſt affection. The latter, in particular, claims tears of gratitude,

gratitude, mingled with blood warm ſpringing from my heart; and theſe ſhe has. My mind ſtill retains the livelieſt impreſſions of her goodneſs. The laſt time I had the *happineſs* of ſeeing her, (I will not call it by ſo cold a name as *honour*) ſhe aſſured me of a retreat which would have ſecured me an independency for life. And which, beſides, would have given me an opportunity of enjoying her loved ſociety, whenever the engagements annexed to her exalted ſituation would afford her leiſure; an object of infinitely more conſequence to me than rendering me independent.

At the time her ladyſhip gave me this aſſurance, ſhe was in perfect health; yet I felt a *preſentiment* that I ſhould never ſee her more—a preſage as ſure to me, as to thoſe who, we are told, poſſeſs the painful gift of ſecond ſight; and, through every period of my wretched life, it has been the dreadful augurer of all my misfortunes.—The attainment of this inſtinctive intelligence is not to be accounted for; but I can appeal to every *obſervant* perſon, whether they have not found this ſpecies of foreknowledge ſometimes ariſe in their minds.—This digreſſion, as it is a debt of gratitude, which is at all times acceptable to the Deity, will not, I flatter myſelf, prove *un*acceptable to you or my readers.

G. A. B.

## LETTER XLII.

Sept. 26, 17—.

MR. FOX introduced himſelf by ſaying, that he hoped the whimſicalneſs, in the firſt place, and the irreſiſtable temptation, in the ſecond, would plead as an apology for his intruſion. His attendant entered with an aukward bluſh of inferiority, which would have paſſed unnoticed by me, had it not been remarked by the ſervant who was in the room. The meſſenger now returning with money from Mr. Brudenell, the horſes were diſcharged. Juſt at this time General Wall and Comte Haſlang paſſing by, and ſeeing the houſe lighted up, they honoured me with a call. Some converſation upon general topics now paſſed.

When Mr. Fox withdrew, he requeſted that I would permit him the pleaſure of calling upon me; as he was in town, and much alone, from Lady Caroline's being obliged, through ill health, often to ſleep in the country. I was not, at this period, acquainted with the virtues of that great man, or I ſhould have embraced the offer with infinite readineſs; I therefore, out of reſpect to his lady, coolly replied, that I ſhould be happy in the honour of ſeeing him whenever he had leiſure. Thus ended a

viſit,

viſit, produced by levity, and concluded with cold civility.

After thoſe gentlemen were gone, their Excellencies enquired the occaſion of my receiving a viſit from a perſon of Mr. Fox's eminence; obſerving, that they had never ſeen him before at my houſe, though they frequently viſited me both in town and at Richmond. Without making a ſecret of it, I informed them of the ridiculous incident that had occaſioned it, with the ſame ſimplicity as it had really happened. The General was highly diverted at the ſtory: but as for the Comte, he condeſcended only to notice it with a ſmile, and a queſtion, Whether, upon hearing my ſituation, *he had given me de monies*. Upon my anſwering, that he could not certainly ſuppoſe Mr. Fox would be guilty of ſo much ill manners; he replied only with a ſhrug of diſbelief, added to the aſpiration, *umph!* This was the only mode by which the Comte uſually expreſſed either his approbation or diſlike. In the former caſe he added a recline of the head to the aſpiration; in the latter a ſhrug of the ſhoulders.

Whilſt the card-table was ſetting, and we waited for two ladies I had invited to ſpend the evening, the gentlemen went to the chimney-piece to view ſome figures of Chelſea china, which the Comte had ſome time before made me a preſent of. As they ſtood, they

they obſerved a bit of paper lie near the figures that had the appearance of a bank bill. As I had informed them that I had only the twenty guineas I had juſt received from Mr. Brudenell, I was aſked if I knew what was there. Upon my anſwering that I did not, they examined, and found it to be a bank bill for fifty pounds.

I did not doubt but Mr. Fox had taken this method to relieve my preſent neceſſity, without offending my delicacy. I, however, determined to ſend it back immediately, not chooſing to lie under an obligation to a perſon who was almoſt a ſtranger to me. But I was prevented from doing this, by the Comte, who was the ſoul of generoſity. He obſerved to me, that by returning it, I ſhould offer the higheſt affront to the giver of it. He aſked me if I ſhould be diſpleaſed with ſuch a mark of approbation at my benefit? Why then, ſaid he, ſhould you now? He reminded me, that as many perſons, at different times, made me preſents, I need not be more ſcrupulous to receive them from Mr. Fox than from the General, from him, and ſeveral others, who offered them merely as a tribute to my talents, without having any deſign upon my perſon. As I could not help acknowledging the weight of the Comte's arguments, I laid aſide my intention, and conſidered myſelf

ſelf as indebted to Mr. Fox for a bounty ſo delicately beſtowed.

The evening concluded with my making an addition of fifty more to it, which I won of the *corps diplomatique*. Before we broke up, it was agreed between the General, the Comte, and myſelf, that for the few weeks before the theatre opened, and occaſionally afterwards, we ſhould ſet up a Pharoah bank, in conjunction with the Marquis de Vernueil, who was expected every day from Yorkſhire. Though I had not much ready caſh, I had diamonds, which I did not immediately want, and my credit was good; ſo that I foreſaw I ſhould not have much difficulty in raiſing the thouſand pounds, which was to be my ſhare of the capital.

While this affair was in agitation, I went to Richmond for a few days, before I came to town for the approaching ſeaſon. I had ſcarcely got out of the chaiſe, before Mr. Lacy, joint manager with Mr. Garrick, of Drury-lane Theatre, was announced. As he lived but at Iſleworth, and we were upon the beſt terms, I imagined his viſit to be merely caſual. But when he entered, to my very great ſurprize he informed me, that Mrs. Cibber was engaged at Covent-Garden, together with Barry; and that Mr. Quin, from ſome diſguſt, had quitted the ſtage.

This

This laſt piece of intelligence I knew not how to believe, as I was ſtill favoured with that gentleman's correſpondence, and he certainly would have mentioned to me an event which was of the utmoſt conſequence to me in my theatrical ſituation. So ſuſpicious an aſſertion, I acknowledge, ought to have put me upon my guard, and made me doubt the truth of the other part of Mr. Lacy's information. However, giving way to the firſt impulſe of my rage, at this *apparent* proof of Mr. Rich's repeated duplicity; from whom I had a right to expect the moſt friendly treatment, as his family lived in the ſtricteſt terms of intimacy with me, and he himſelf had often profeſſed that he loved me as well as his own children; without any further conſideration, I inſtantly ſigned an agreement for three years, which Mr. Lacy had brought with him.

I had no ſooner done the irrevocable deed than the Manager, with a malignant grin of ſelf-approbation, ſuch as the Demon aſſumes in the pantomime, when he has prevailed upon Doctor Fauſtus to ſign the fatal warrant, told me that the report of Mrs. Cibber's engagement was *current*; but he could not vouch for the truth of it. "However," added he, "at all "events you muſt be a gainer by playing with my "partner, whoſe conſequence ſtamps merit where "there is none, and increaſes it where there is."

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I was greatly diſpleaſed at the deception which had been practiſed upon me, although I was not, from my reſentment to Mr. Rich, ſorry for the conſequences; and the Manager and I parted not on the beſt of terms.—Such a palpable impoſition, founded on chicanery and falſehood muſt not paſs unnoticed.—Little reaſon has a man to boaſt of his cunning, when his ſchemes are effected at the expence of truth, and at the price of his honour.—My blood boils in my veins at the recollection.—There is no calamity that I could not bear with patience, ſooner than to be tricked, even into that for which I moſt wiſhed.—There is ſuch a meanneſs in deception, that my nature recoils at it. And as I am incapable of it myſelf, I can forgive it the leſs readily in others.—But *requieſcat in pace*.—May he reſt in pace.—It is the deed, and not the man, that is the object of my indignation.

The ſame day, juſt as I was ſitting down to dinner, Mr. Rich and Mr. Bencroft came in. He ſaluted me with his uſual friendſhip; but as there was other company, we could not ſpeak of buſineſs before we had dined. As ſoon as we found an opportunity, he informed me that he had engaged Mr. Barry, and had brought with him articles for me to ſign. I aſked him why it was neceſſary I ſhould ſign an agreement now, ſuppoſing I was to be of his company,

pany, as I never before had? He ſtarted at the word *ſuppoſing*; and repeating it, ſaid, he hoped it was no ſuppoſition. Upon which I acquainted him that I had actually ſigned an agreement that very morning, with Mr. Lacy, in conſequence of hearing from him that Mrs. Cibber was engaged at Covent-Garden.

I will not pretend to deſcribe Mr. Rich's feelings on receiving this information. He looked at me for ſome time, as if he wiſhed to diſbelieve it. I really felt for him; and again execrated in my mind the fiend-like wretch who had occaſioned his diſappointment; whilſt he perhaps was triumphing in the ſucceſs of his fallacy, and enjoying the moſt pleaſing ideas, unconſcious of the dearneſs of their purchaſe. Is it right that deception ſhould be rewarded; while the well-meaning dupe is a prey to uneaſineſs and dejection? there *muſt* be an hereafter; if but to vindicate the juſtneſs of that Being who permits this *ſeeming* injuſtice.

Mr. Rich now told me, that he had withſtood the moſt urgent ſolicitations from Mr. Barry relative to an engagement with Mrs. Cibber, as ſhe had offered to come to Covent-Garden for ſeven hundred pounds, which was leſs than ſhe had at Drury-Lane the winter before. The laſt ſeaſon, ſhe had not been able to play, through indiſpoſition. He added, that to

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ſhew his regard for me, and the ſincerity of his intentions, he had brought articles with him for three years, at five, ſix, and ſeven hundred pounds annually. He produced the agreement, which he had got drawn up the preceding day, having then abſolutely refuſed to enter into any engagement whatſoever with Mrs. Cibber. "And now," continued he, "muſt I be obliged to give her any terms ſhe ſhall "demand."

Upon this explanation, I was equally diſtreſſed with Mr. Rich; and ſincerely wiſhed I could recal what I had done, not only becauſe the agreement I had entered into with Mr. Lacy was but for three hundred pounds, but on account of Mr. Barry's excellence in performing the characters of lovers, which was the line of acting ſuited to my figure, youth, and powers.

Though Mr. Lacy's conduct in this tranſaction is not be juſtified, yet I muſt take ſome ſhare of blame to myſelf, from the precipitation with which I engaged with him.—Precipitation, as I have before obſerved, is the grand bane of happineſs.—Had I adhered to the reſolution I had formerly made, of conſulting my friend, Mr. Quin, upon every ſtep of conſequence I was about to take, all then would have been well. I ſhould have diſcovered the fallacy of my temper, and have been upon my guard againſt any impe-

impoſition that might have been deſigned. Inſtead of which, by giving way to the firſt tranſports of my reſentment, without knowing whether it was well founded or not, I precipitately committed an error ſo much to my own diſadvantage, and Mr. Rich's vexation.

G. A. B.

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## LETTER XLIII.

September 27, 17—.

UPON my arrival in town from Richmond, I found that the ambaſſadors ſtill continued in their reſolution of ſetting up a Pharoah bank. As I was determined that every thing ſhould be conducted in an elegant ſtyle, I engaged Goundu, the moſt eminent cook of his time; and O'Bryen happening to be in a bad ſtate of health, I hired his wife alſo to attend upon me as my French woman.

Having borrowed ſome money to make up my quota of a thouſand pounds, we ſet off in a very ſplendid manner. The Marquis de Verneuil or myſelf always dealt. We were ſucceſsful, as the bank was rich. But notwithſtanding we always won, I only obſerved one perſon that ſeemed to regret their ill ſucceſs; and that was the Marquis of Granby.—

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It could not be ſuppoſed that this diſſatisfaction aroſe from his want of money. He never knew the love of that, any more than myſelf. It was rather an impatience in his temper, which threw him off his guard, and added to his ill luck.

Mr. Metham writing me word that he ſhould not be in town till Chriſtmas, I was enabled to carry on our ſcheme ſo much the longer. Our *petit ſoupers*, aud convivial parties, drew all the gay, flutter-ing, unthinking young people of faſhion to us.—They procured me the happineſs of being introduced to the Honourable Miſs Moſtyns, with whom Gen. Wall was very intimate. The eldeſt of thoſe ladies poſſeſſed an underſtanding ſuperior to moſt of her ſex. And without youth or beauty, the company of all of them was eagerly ſolicited by every one that had a taſte for genteel ſociability. They were named, out of pleaſantry, as they were formed rather in a ſpiral than a direct line, *Crimp*, *Crump*, and *Crumpling*.

In a ſhort time I had been ſuch a gainer by our bank, that I was not only enabled to redeem my jewels, but to pay my debts, and put ſome hundreds into my pocket, notwithſtanding the great expence I was at. The General and Comte frequently made me preſents of wine, chocolate, &c. &c. and had not my theatrical avocations called me from this lu-

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crative one, it is a doubt with me, whether I ſhould not have made my fortune.

At this time I loſt my faithful O'Bryen, whoſe memory will be ever dear to me. In her I loſt not only a good ſervant, but a real friend. For though at times ſhe would give into my innocent whims, yet whenever ſhe thought me wrong, ſhe took the liberty to repreſent the impropriety of my conduct to me with ſuch mildneſs and good ſenſe, that her reproof always carried conviction with it, and generally had the deſired effect. So that O'Bryen uſually ſucceeded, when my mother's violence of temper failed, and, I am concerned to add, made me more obſtinate.

The Marquis de Vernueil now returned to Paris; and as Mr. Garrick was come to London, I was obliged to attend to the duties of my profeſſion.—The moſt intenſe application was neceſſary for thoſe who fought under his banners. As he was unremitting himſelf in his attention to buſineſs, he expected thoſe he employed to be the ſame. The laſt ſeaſon he had engaged Mrs. Ward; a poor ſubſtitute for the incomparable Cibber. But, though neceſſity compelled him to play with her, he took a great diſtaſte to her, on account of her want of feeling. Of this ſhe gave him, one night, the ſtrongeſt proof, by being employed in adjuſting her glove-knot, which

happened to come untied, during one of the moſt pathetic and intereſting ſcenes in the "Fair Peni-"tent."

Both the theatres opened this ſeaſon with "Romeo "and Juliet." Garrick and myſelf appeared in the characters at Drury-Lane; Barry and Cibber at Covent-Garden. But, to add to the weight of the latter, Mr. Rich had introduced a grand funeral proceſſion. That gentleman was particularly fond of diſplaying his taſte upon ſuch occaſions; as in epithalamiums, ovations, triumphal entries, and funeral obſequies. He had an opportunity, at this time, of laying out nearly as much money as the play brought him. The conteſt was long; and it was univerſally allowed, that except in the ſcene with the friar, Mr. Barry excelled in Romeo. The piece was performed ſo many nights, that the public, as well as the performers, were tired and diſguſted with it. We, however, got the advantage of ſome nights. But this was not done without a good deal of paper, which was beſtowed upon the occaſion.

During the run of this piece, I was informed, in the green-room, that an old lady and gentleman requeſted to ſee me. Upon my giving directions that they ſhould be admitted, a gentleman about ſixty, and a lady of nearly the ſame age, were introduced into my dreſſing-room. The gentleman then told me,

me, that his name was Ganſel. That he had a ſon a captain in the guards. That the gout viſited him ſo often, as to induce him to decline ſitting in parliament. And that coming to ſee the play, he and his dame were ſo enchanted with my performance, and the character I bore in private life, which he had heard from the perſon at whoſe houſe they lodged, that he could not reſiſt the ſtrong deſire he had of introducing his lady and himſelf to me. He then requeſted the favour of ſeeing me in Southampton-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, the firſt hour I had to ſpare; and alſo at Donnalan-Park, near Colcheſter.

The novelty of ſuch an introduction, added to the open, honeſt ſincerity of the good old gentleman, gave me infinite pleaſure, and I promiſed to wait on them the next day. But nothing would ſerve him, but I muſt go in the coach with him that night to ſupper. Being unwilling to offend perſons of their hearty diſpoſitions and conſequence, on their offering to wait till I had undreſſed, I accompanied them home; and in half an hour, we were as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years.—True politeneſs needs not the aid of ceremony.—An engaging freedom, an eaſy familiarity, and an unreſerved ſincerity, are the diſtinguiſhed characters of genuine urbanity.—To narrow minds, alone, is a ceremonious formality pleaſing.

Mr. Ganſel was a man of great natural underſtanding, which he had cultivated by ſtudy and travelling. He had been a conſtant attendant at Drury-Lane theatre in the time of Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, and a great admirer of thoſe capital performers. He had been likewiſe an humble ſervant of the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield. He was a living chronicle; poſſeſſing, at the ſame time, a heart that was generous, humane and ſincere. Though endowed with that true dignity of mind which would not condeſcend to flatter even majeſty, he was ſo compaſſionate and inoffenſive, that he would not hurt a worm. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that I was happy in cultivating an acquaintance with ſo valuable a member of ſociety. In return for the honour they had done me, I requeſted the favour of their company at my houſe the next day. With this Mr. Ganſel complied; and, in doing ſo, inſured Mrs. Ganſel's acquieſcence, who left every thing to his deciſion.

This lady, conſcious of her huſband's ſuperiority, ſubmitted her will entirely to his. (A rare inſtance I own!) She minded little elſe than her dairy and family affairs, being what the world generally term a good houſewife; that is, ſhe was able to make a ſhirt or a pudding. Our intimacy continued as long as they ſtaid in town. This agreeable friendſhip, for

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ſo it really was, though of ſuch a recent commencement, in the reſult, however, turned out to be one of the moſt unfortunate epochas of my whole life, as will be ſeen hereafter.

About this time Mr. Metham came to town. The ſatisfaction he received, from ſeeing me ſo much admired as an actreſs, and from my having ſucceſsfully ſtood a competition with the firſt female tragedian in the world, was beyond expreſſion. And whilſt it pleaſed his vanity, it increaſed, if poſſible, his affection. My mother and dear boy were now alſo come to London. But as my houſe was too ſmall for this increaſe of family, I procured a lodging for my mother near me; and Mr. Metham took one for himſelf at Deard's in Pall-Mall.

Upon breaking up of our Pharoah ſcheme, I had prudently diſcharged my man-cook, with a promiſe of taking him again, if I ſhould ever be in a ſituation to enable me to keep one. I had hired a maid-ſervant in the place of my faithful O'Bryen, who was juſt the reverſe of that worthy creature. She had been woman to a lady of quality; and was, like Tattlehead, one of thoſe civil, diſhoneſt ſervants, that never tell a diſagreeable truth, nor ſpeak well of their miſtreſſes when they are abſent. Her maſter was the perſon to whom ſhe paid the greateſt attention, endeavouring ſtudiouſly to pleaſe him, whilſt

ſhe ſhewed very little regard to me or my commands. But as I ſtill retained Madam Goundu for my dreſſer, I had very little opportunity of knowing any thing relative to her.

An unexpected event ſoon deprived me of the ſervices of Peter; and my own ſervant having ſet up the buſineſs of a cheeſemonger, I was left to the rapacious depredations of ſervants, who had no regard but for themſelves, and ſtudied their own eaſe and intereſt more than mine. And this my attendance at the theatre prevented me from obſerving, or being able to prevent.

One morning I was informed that a foreign gentleman deſired to ſee me. As Madam Brilliant fancied ſhe could never ſufficiently repay the civilities I had ſhewed her in her diſtreſs, and took every opportunity which offered of ſending me ſome token of her gratitude and attention, I concluded it was ſome perſon that waited on me by her deſire. Or elſe I thought it might be ſomebody from the Marquis de Vernueil, as he honoured me with his correſpondence. I therefore ordered, that the gentleman ſhould be admitted.

Being ſhewn in, he requeſted to know whether I had not a youth in my ſervice whoſe name was Peter? On my anſwering that I had, he exclaimed with tranſport, "Then, thank God, I have found my ſon!"—

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The agitation of the ſtranger, on receiving this aſſurance, and my ſurpriſe at ſo unexpected an event, occaſioned a ſilence for ſome time. In the interim, Peter entered the room, leading in my little boy, with whom he had been taking a walk. Upon ſeeing his father, he dropped upon the floor in a ſtate of inſenſibility: and it was not without ſome difficulty that he was brought to himſelf. When he was a little recovered, his father aſſured him of his forgiveneſs, telling him alſo that his companion was living. Upon which the boy's face brightened up, and falling upon his knees, he cried with great fervency, "Thank God! Thank God!"

This exclamation exciting my curioſity, I begged the gentleman to explain to me the cauſe of the ſcene I had juſt been a witneſs to. He replied, "That I "will do with the greateſt readineſs, Madam. I am "a wine-merchant of ſome eminence at Bruges.— "My ſon, whom you ſee before you, had a quarrel "with his favourite ſchool-fellow, at the time he "was about twelve years of age, in which he re- "ceived a blow. Enraged at the affront, he plunged "a knife, which he unfortunately had in his hand, "into the boſom of the lad that had offended him. "Shocked at the deed he had juſt committed, and "apprehenſive of falling into the hands of juſtice, "he fled; and all the enquiries I have made after

" him, during ſix years, have been till now ineffec-
" tual. Some buſineſs calling me to England, a
" townſman of mine informed me yeſterday, that he
" had ſeen my ſon Peter go into a houſe in Frith-
" ſtreet. His information was the means of my
" paying you this viſit, Madam, and has reſtored to
" me my child."

Though I was concerned at loſing a ſervant who had been ſo faithful to me, and had ſhewn me ſo much reſpect and attention, yet I could not help being pleaſed that his father had diſcovered him, and that he would now be removed to a ſituation more eligible than that of ſervitude. In a ſhort time he left me, with a mind deeply impreſſed with gratitude for the pleaſing reverſe he had experienced in my ſervice, to that from which I refcued him. And his father gave me a preſſing invitation to pay him a viſit, if ever I ſhould travel through Flanders; which ſome years after I did, when he made my ſhort ſtay as agreeable to me as he could.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XLIV.

October 3, 17—.

THE ſucceſs we met with at Drury-Lane Theatre was infinitely greater than we had reaſon to expect, con-

conſidering Mrs. Cibber had not played the preceding winter, which made her appearance the greater novelty now. My mother was continually inciting me to require of Mr. Metham that he would make me his wife. This I promiſed her to do; but no opportunity for carrying my promiſe into execution, for ſome time, preſented itſelf. For I was ſeldom alone with him, either from my engagements at the theatre, or from the company which we conſtantly had.

At laſt, finding one day an opportunity, I aſked him, without any circumlocution, whether he would marry me? He made me no anſwer, but abruptly left the room. This cavalier behaviour ſurpriſed me the more, as he was uſually extremely polite to every one; and particularly ſo to me. I was therefore highly offended at ſuch an indignity, and reſolved to let him ſee that I reſented it. I accordingly rung the bell the moment he was gone, and ordered the ſervant not to admit him when he came again.

But, in about an hour, I received a card from him, which informed me, that his brother-in-law, Mr. Dives, and himſelf, would dine with me; and as they ſhould come about buſineſs, he requeſted that I would admit no other company. I had no doubt but that the buſineſs they were coming on,

was relative to the queſtion I had put to him in the morning.

When they appeared I obſerved another gentleman, with whom I was totally unacquained, but which I ſoon found to be an attorney. Mr. Metham, who was the ſpokeſman, now entered upon the buſineſs which had procured me the honour of this viſit. He began with a conſequential exordium in favour of his brother-in-law. This was of ſuch a length that it had the appearance of a ſermon. At laſt, however, he came to the point. When I found that they had come to execute a writing before me, in which Mr. Metham had agreed, that in caſe he died without legitimate iſſue, the eſtates he expected to receive from his father, and thoſe he now enjoyed in right of his mother, were to devolve to Mr. Dives, who had married his ſiſter, and to their heirs. In this deed Mr. Dives had kindly conſented to *join* him in ſecuring to me an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, and the ſum of two thouſand pounds to our ſon George.

I at firſt eſteemed this acquieſcence of Mr. Dives to be an act of diſintereſted generoſity; and as ſuch I ſincerely thanked him for it. But upon ſhowing the writing to my mother, after they were gone, ſhe entertained a different opinion of it. She told me, it appeared evident to her, that Mr. Dives, who had acquired

acquired a perfect knowledge of the world, and had ſtudied with the greateſt minuteneſs Mr. Metham's diſpoſition, had a view ſolely to his *own intereſt*, in the execution of the deed. For under the cover of this diſintereſted proviſion for me and my child, he had a deſign to prevent his brother-in-law from marrying, in order to ſecure his eſtates to himſelf and family. With regard to my ſettlement, ſhe obſerved, that it was but an inconſiderable return for Mr. Metham's kindneſs to them. For though they had no other ſubſiſtence, than three hundred pounds a year, which had been ſettled on Mrs. Dives out of her brother's eſtate in Staffordſhire, yet he generally, by additional preſents, made that at leaſt eight or nine hundred, one year with another; his fondneſs for his ſiſter being only ſurpaſſed by his tenderneſs for me.

My mother having placed the tranſaction in ſo different a point of view; inſtead of entertaining ſentiments of gratitude for Mr. Dives, as I had done, and warmly expreſſed, at the time of the execution of the deed, I now adopted others of another nature. I concluded it to be an artful plan of the two brothers, to induce me to give up my expectations of ever being the wife of Mr. Metham.

Though I had quitted the theatre of Covent-Garden, and had given the manager reaſon to be diſ-

pleaſed with me, by my precipitate engagement with the other houſe, yet my intimacy with Mr. Rich's family ſtill continued. I likewiſe was happy in the continuance of Mr. Quin's friendſhip; which indeed, I can with pleaſure ſay, I retained to the day of his death. To this never-failing friend and faithful monitor, I therefore applied for advice in my preſent dilemma. Profitting by the error I had committed in my negociation with Mr. Lacy, I ſolicited his admonitions, without delay, and determined to abide by them.

On my application to Mr. Quin, he firſt aſked me whether I really loved Mr. Metham? To which I anſwered that I did, in preference to the whole world. He then adviſed me not to make myſelf unhappy, or home diſagreeable to him, by urging him again on the ſubject. "If you were actually mar-
"ried," proceeded he, "you could not go by his
"name whilſt you continue on the ſtage. And it
"will be neceſſary you ſhould purſue that profeſſion
"as long as Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Metham's fa-
"ther, lives. You are both ſingle, and if you re-
"main attached to each other; I cannot ſee of what
"real ſervice the ceremony would be with regard
"to outward appearance, as the world are of opi-
"nion that it already has been performed, but for
"prudential reaſons kept ſecret; let me therefore
"adviſe

" adviſe you to urge the affair no more to him,
" leave it to his own honour and affection; of both
" of which you cannot have the leaſt doubt. Theſe
" will operate with infinitely more power than any
" arguments of yours can do, when he is left at
" leiſure to reflect on the propriety of ſuch a ſtep."
Nearly in theſe words did my ſecond father give me his advice; and as I knew his judgment in ſuch concerns to be far ſuperior to my own, I reſolved implicitly to follow the directions he had given me. I accordingly returned home much more at eaſe than I was before. And when Mr. Metham and I met, I took care, whatever uneaſineſs lurked in my heart, that it ſhould not be viſible to him.

But the conſolation Mr. Quin had afforded me was but tranſitory.—Though, agreeable to his advice, I concealed my wiſhes, I could not totally ſuppreſs them.—I was conſcious that my character received a ſtain from the nature of my connection with Mr. Metham, which neither the reflection that it originated from the ſincereſt and moſt diſintereſted affection; that it was not entered into without the fulleſt expectation of a more honourable union taking place; and that it had been continued with an unblemiſhed purity of conduct; were ſufficiently palliative to expunge.—It is true that in the eye of heaven, ſuch a connection, when conducted with this

this propriety, may not need the repetition of the nuptial ceremony. In ſuch a caſe the deluded fair-one might ſay, with Eloiſa, "Curſe on all laws but "thoſe which love has made!"—But to preſerve the due regulation of the degrees of conſanguinity; an indiſputable ſucceſſion of property; a reſpect to the rules of ſociety; and to ſerve as a reſtraint to the roving diſpoſition of the libertine; it is neceſſary that an odium ſhould be annexed to any other than a *legal* connection.

My benefit this ſeaſon turned out very lucrative. As I was now in a circle with ſome of the firſt people of diſtinction, beſides thoſe who had hitherto been my patroneſſes, I was honoured with the patronage of the Eſſex family; the Lady Capels were as partial to me as the Lady Keppels; particularly Lady Mary. The piece I had was, "Tancred and "Sigiſmunda; in which I ſucceeded much beyond my hopes, as Mrs. Cibber was the original Sigiſmunda, and moſt capitally great in the performance of that character; ſo that I acquired, in addition to the emoluments, an increaſe of fame.

A moſt ridiculous event happened at one of the benefits at our theatre this ſeaſon; which I ſhall relate merely for the ſingularity of it. There was a performer in the company who was retained in it by the acting manager, more from the flattery which he

he from time to time beſtowed upon him, than through any merit he had as an actor. This perſon, whoſe name was Sowden, was by trade a horſe milliner. He had, however, obtained ſo much influence over Mr. Garrick, that he prevailed upon that gentleman to play for his benefit; which was a favour he uſually granted only to the firſt performers. He had the "Orphan" for his night, in which Mr. Garrick played Chamont, Mr. Sowden, Polydore, and myſelf, Monimia. In the fourth act, whilſt in the moſt pathetic part of it, I was informing Chamont of all my diſtreſs, I heard a voice uttering ſomewhat aloud; but what it was I could not diſtinguiſh, from being ſo ſuſceptibly intereſted in my part. Whilſt Chamont was replying to me, as I was then more at liberty to attend, I heard the ſame voice articulate the words, "Rumps and burrs! rumps and burrs!" Roſcius, who was the moſt tenacious man alive of a due obſervance of theatrical order and regularity, imagining the noiſe came from behind the ſcenes, exclaimed in a quick manner, "What is that?" He was at the ſame time ſo diſconcerted by the incident, that loſing entirely the powers of recollection, he repeated different paſſages out of different plays, till I was as much bewildered as himſelf, and totally unprepared to give a connected anſwer. We had, therefore, nothing elſe to do, than to put an end to

our

our embarraſſment by bringing the ſcene to an abrupt concluſion.

It ſeems the exclamation proceeded from *the balcony*, where one of the lower ranks of city ladies, an admirer of Mr. Sowden's theatrical talents, had placed herſelf (as a benefit levels all diſtinction) in honour of him. During the preceding ſcene, which, though intereſting, was not much to her mind, ſhe had indulged herſelf with a nap. In this ſhort nap ſhe was conveyed in idea back to her ſtall upon London-Bridge, and the duties of her buſineſs, which ſhe left but on ſuch particular occaſions, being uppermoſt on her mind, ſhe was crying her rumps and burrs, as if ſhe had been ſtanding at her own door. As ſoon, however, as her favourite actor appeared, ſhe awoke. But I was ſo much diſconcerted by the good woman's ſleeping flight, that though I ſhould have continued on during the whole ſcene, I ſoon left Mr. Polydore to ſubſtitute what he pleaſed for the entertainment of his polite audience, and to ſpeak his deſcriptive concluſion alone.

Methinks I hear you laugh at the foregoing ridiculous ſcene—I aſſure you I did, and that moſt heartily, when it happened; that is, as ſoon as I had recovered from the confuſion into which it had thrown the immortal *Roſcius* and myſelf.

G. A. B.

LET-

## LETTER XLIV.

Oct. 9, 17—.

AT the concluſion of this winter, I loſt my much valued friend Miſs Conway. Having over-heated herſelf at a ball, ſhe indiſcreetly drank lemonade, which occaſioned her dying in a few hours in the moſt excruciating pains. As I have already obſerved, this beſt and moſt delicate of women expired in my arms. And I was happy in being preſent to ſooth, by every tender endearment, the bitterneſs of death.

I received about this time, alſo, a very warm invitation from Miſs St. Leger, to paſs the enſuing ſummer with her in the South of France. Her uncle, Lord Doneraile, ſhe informed me, was dead, and had left her the whole of his fortune, excluſive of his lady's jointure. To which, ſhe added, that ſhe was married to Major Burton, but ſtill enjoyed ſuch a bad ſtate of health, as to be unable to return to England.

I was obliged, by a ſimilar affliction, not only to decline this lady's invitation, but to poſtpone my conqueſt of *Louis the Fifteenth*, and to ſuffer that monarch to enjoy his liberty a little longer. My indiſpoſition was productive of a laſſitude, which prevented my forming parties, as I uſed to do, or from carrying into execution any favourite project.

It however left me at leiſure to enjoy the placid ſociety of thoſe friends who honoured me with their company. Such being my ſituation, nothing material happened during this ſummer.

At the opening of the enſuing ſeaſon, Mr. Garrick produced two new performers. Theſe were Mr. Moſſop and Mr. Roſs. The former in the caſt of parts which had belonged to the inimitable Quin, who this winter retired from the ſtage; the other in thoſe of lovers and genteel comedy. Mr. Moſſop had a fine voice, but an uncouth manner. For a more particular deſcription of him, I will refer you to Churchill's "Roſciad." Mr. Roſs was handſome, his figure elegant, and his voice agreeable. He would have been a valuable acquiſition to the theatre, had not his indolence, and love of conviviality, prevented his exerciſing that application, without which it is impoſſible to ſhine on the ſtage. He ſeemed to wiſh to imitate Mr. Quin in being a *bon vivant*; without remembering that that great man never gave looſe to his favourite paſſion till his buſineſs at the theatre was over.

The aid of theſe two gentlemen was not productive of that ſucceſs the manager hoped for. They pleaſed; but they did not excite the public attention. And except the nights on which Garrick himſelf performed, there were but indifferent houſes. The manager

manager had this ſeaſon accepted of four new pieces, and he revived "The Mourning Bride," in which he played Oſmyn. I had unintentionally offended him, by ſending to Doctor Young, to beg the favour of reading his new piece of "The Brothers," during my illneſs. This unpardonable crime was to be revenged by teaching Mrs. Pritchard the part of Zara, and neglecting the poor Bride. My ſucceſs, however, in Almeria (pardon the ſeeming vanity) was as great even as Garrick's acting, which was beyond deſcription. But notwithſtanding the unbounded applauſe he deſervedly met with in the character of Oſmyn, and the moſt conſiderable receipts, for eight nights, that had at that time ever been known, I believe he would gladly have ſacrificed both his reputation and his profit, ſooner then I ſhould have acquired the approbation of the public, as I did in the character of Almeria.

Encouraged by my ſucceſs, Mrs. Clive was induced to appear in the character of Zara. And, in my opinion, ſhe played the part with infinitely more judgment then Mrs. Pritchard. But from ſome reaſon or other, for which I could never account, the public in general are ſeldom pleaſed when tragedians or comedians go out of their uſual line of acting.

Mr. Woodward once gave me a proof of this, by informing me, that in his youthful days he was caſt the

the part of Charles in the "Nonjuror;" but notwithſtanding he performed it with the utmoſt propriety, the audience had been ſo accuſtomed to his appearing in ludicrous characters, ſuch as Slender, Wittol, &c. &c. &c. that the moment they ſaw him come on, with the ſerious face the part required, they burſt into an univerſal laughter; and continued to do ſo throughout the whole performance, whenever he appeared. This reception determined him never to attempt the Buſkin in future, but to keep to the Sock, in which he was ſo juſtly admired.

To the ſame cauſe I attribute the imitable Clive not ſucceeding, as I have juſt informed you, according to her merit; for ſhe always ſpread the face of joy and pleaſure as the favourite daughter of Thalia. Mrs. Pritchard, in a certain comic line, poſſeſſed unrivalled merit; but I could never entertain the partiality for her which a celebrated author now living did; who always choſe her for the heroine of his pieces, in preference to the firſt tragic actreſs that ever trod the ſtage, Mrs. Cibber, with whom Mrs. Pritchard could never be put in competition.

But opinion in thoſe points is arbitrary, and we often adopt ideas from different cauſes; ſometimes we do it from caprice; ſometimes from a partiality for the perſon; and I have known ſeveral, who have perſiſted in what they firſt aſſerted, though directly contrary

contrary to their judgment, leſt they ſhould incur the cenſurable charge of inſtability.

Doctor Young's tragedy of "The Brothers" was firſt put in rehearſal. And from a ſuppoſition that it was ſuperior to his "Revenge," great hopes were entertained of its ſucceſs. The parts were delivered out at the ſame time for Mr. More's comedy of "Gil Blas." In the ſucceſs of which, the manager, from his friendſhip for the author, greatly intereſted himſelf. Mr. Garrick ſent me a part in the laſt mentioned piece, which I declined accepting.

This gave him great offence, and provoked him to write to me in the following terms. "Since you "have humbugged the town, I ſuppoſe you think "you are intitled to do whatever you pleaſe. The "liberty you have taken in aſking to peruſe Doctor "Young's piece, is unwarrantable. And I will con-"vince you that *I alone* am the perſon to be ad-"dreſſed in whatever concerns the theatre. I ſhall "find means to repay the contempt you have been "pleaſed to ſhow me." In this doughty manner did he write to me for having commited an unintentional offence, (if it can be conſtrued into an offence) as he was tenacous in the extreme of every branch of his managerial prerogative.

As it cannot be ſuppoſed that I would willingly be upon bad terms with the director of the corps in which I ſerved;

I ſerved; and only meant to haſten the piece by endeavouring to ſtudy the part intended for me, which I had been informed was very long, I could not help anſwering the manager's undeſerved epiſtle with ſome aſperity. I informed him that I had not meant to infringe upon his authority, or to leſſen his dignity. But that, notwithſtanding I was to be governed with the greateſt eaſe by complacency, yet no power on earth ſhould rule me with a rod of iron.

This produced a declaration of war; as it lighted up a flame which had long lain ſmothering in his boſom.—This great *little* man, for ſo he was in the literal ſenſe of the word, was poſſeſſed of as much meanneſs as merit. This is a bold aſſertion I acknowledge; eſpecially as he was allowed by perſons of the greateſt judgment to be the moſt complete actor that ever trod the ſtage; yet the dexterity of his management was equal to his performance. Of which I ſhall give the following ſpecimen.

He uſed to ſend Mr. Varney, the houſe-keeper, round among the ladies of quality, to inform them, as a matter of favour, that his maſter played ſuch a part on ſuch a night; to which Mr. Varney uſed to add, "And, if poſſible, I will ſecure a box for your "ladyſhip." I have been preſent when he has called on ladies with this ſtory, who have acknowledged themſelves much obliged to him for his intelligence,

and

and have given him a guinea for this particular mark of attention, excluſive of the uſual preſent at Chriſtmas, and at his benefit. And this he has done at the time, that, to my certain knowledge, there has not been one box really engaged in the book for the night of performance he has mentioned.

Upon my appearing in the green-room for the firſt time after the before-mentioned letters had paſſed, the manager accoſted me with, "Ah, ah, ah, madam, "you are come at laſt.—It was unfortunate for us, "that the Doctor inſiſted upon your being his he-"roine." To this I readily aſſented; as I really thought with him that Mrs. Pritchard would have appeared in the character to much more advantage; as I had ſuch a natural diſlike to haughtineſs, that it was with difficulty I could aſſume it; and when I did, I was never ſucceſsful. I publicly expreſſed theſe ſentiments, which were not uttered from pique or reſentment to the manager, but were the real dictates of my heart. To this I added, that I ſincerely thought his favourite, Mrs. Pritchard, would gain more credit to herſelf and the piece, than I ſhould; and, conſequently, be the means of acquiring more conſiderable emoluments for the author. And being thus conſcious of my inability, I was ready to give up the part.

Here

Here the Doctor cried out, "No! no!" which did not ſeem to pleaſe the manager. Indeed he appeared to be much mortified at my *ſangs froid*. But as I had declared with ſo much diſintereſtedneſs, that I had no great hopes of ſucceſs in the character, there was nothing further left for him to ſay upon the occaſion.

When the piece was read, I objected to a line, which I imagined came with but an ill-grace from the mouth of a lady; even from ſo high-flighted a one as the Princeſs Irexine. This was the ſentence.

—"I will ſpeak to you in thunder."

Upon my making the objection, the author replied, that he thought it the moſt forcible line in the piece. To which I anſwered, that it would be much more *ſo*, if he joined lightning to it. Hearing this, he began to wax warm; and declared that the performance then reading was the *beſt* he had ever wrote. I could not now reſiſt ſaying, "I fear, Doctor, I "ſhall loſe your favour, in the ſame manner as Gil "Blas, upon a ſimilar occaſion, did that of the "Biſhop of Toledo. And I cannot help reminding "you of a tragedy called the Revenge." My having given the Doctor's *thunder* a companion, had ſet the riſible features of the performers in motion. This unfortunately increaſed the agitation I had put him

him into, by not allowing him to be able to judge of the merit of his own compoſitions, and threw him into the moſt extravagant paſſion.

I now repented of my petulance to the doctor, as I had the higheſt eſteem for him, and had lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy with his daughter. I therefore went up to him, and taking him by the hand, requeſted that he would not only forgive me for what I had ſaid, but that he would likewiſe recall to his memory thoſe divine precepts he had promulgated in his "Night Thoughts;" leſt, by thus giving way to ſuch immoderate anger, he ſhould convince us, that even *he*, only knew and gave us the theory, without being maſter of the practical part. The Doctor thanked me cordially for the rebuke; and ſtriding two or three times acroſs the room, apparently in as much diſtreſs as we may ſuppoſe Jephtha to have been, when he carried into execution his raſh vow; he took his pen, and to the aſtoniſhment of Mr. Garrick, ſtruck out the line which had occaſioned the conteſt. He then ſat down, as compoſed as if nothing had happened.

But what greatly added to my triumph, and to the ſurprize of the manager, who well knew the Doctor's tenacious diſpoſition, was his inviting himſelf home to dine with me. This mark of reconciliation, you may be aſſured, I received with plea-

ſure; and Mr. Quin, coming to town that day, he joined us. A more happy trio, I believe, never ſat down to table together. What greatly inhanced the pleaſure of the Doctor was, that Mr. Quin had been in poſſeſſion of the character of Zanga, in his "Revenge," alone and unrivalled for years. The Doctor acquainted my much-loved friend with the fracas that had happened in the green-room. To which Mr. Quin humouroufly replied, "Doctor! if "you knew what that girl could do as well as ſay, "you would not be ſurprized at any thing relative "to her." I well knew this was intended by Mr. Quin as an eulogium to me, yet I much feared the Doctor would not eſteem it ſo. He however, ſaid, that he had been informed of the goodneſs of my heart, which induced him to impute what I had uttered to ſincerity; whereas, he ſhould otherwiſe have eſteemed it conceited impertinence.

The force of prejudice has often ſupriſed me. Its influence is unbounded. There is ſcarcely an adage that has more truth in it, or will bear a more extenſive application, than that vulgar one of "Give a dog "an ill name," &c. A few brilliant actions will frequently eſtabliſh a character, of which, from the general tenor of their conduct, the perſon is not deſerving. And, on the contrary, one unguarded action will damn their faireſt fame.—Thus, though by ſome trifling

trifling inſtances of humanity, from which I could not arrogate to myſelf any merit, (the impulſe, as I have before ſaid, being irreſiſtible) I ſtamped an impreſſion in my favour on the minds of two men, who may truly be ſaid to be moſt valuable members of ſociety.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XLVI.

Oct. 18, 17—

THE good Doctor's piece ran ten nights. But this aroſe more from the author's character being ſo univerſally revered, than from any intrinſic merit there was in it. Roſcius had appeared in "Gil Blas;" which was played firſt, and of which, had the parts that he and Woodward filled, been reverſed, and had a more juvenile figure repreſented the young lady, ſo premature a fate might not have been its portion. It was, however, condemned to oblivion the ſecond night of the repreſentation. And had not Mr. Town *begged* a third night for the author, Mr. More would only have had his labour for his pains. On the judicious caſting of the characters of a new piece a great deal depends. If a play has ever ſo great merit, unleſs this part of the buſineſs of the theatre

be carefully attended to, in vain has the author gnawed his pen, and racked his brains.

Our next eſſay was a play altered from the French by Doctor Francis, the then *reputed* tranſlator of Horace. It was entitled "Eugenia, or the ſuppoſi-"titious Daughter." And notwithſtanding Mr. Garrick, and all his principal performers played in it, they could only *drag* it on for ſix or nine nights (I cannot recollect which) to empty benches and a dead ſilence. This diſcomfited the manager. But his laſt exhibition, "The Maſque of Alfred," written by Mallet, carried ſure ſucceſs along with it. This had been exhibited ſome years before at Cliefden, the ſummer reſidence of the Prince and Princeſs of Wales. The great part, though not the principal character, that of the Hermit, was adapted by the author to his friend Quin. But when he offered the piece to the manager of Drury-Lane, he made that of Alfred the conſequential and ſtriking part, as well as the capital character. In this Mr. Garrick exceeded even himſelf. And when he repeated the following line, which the author had borrowed from the Athalia of Racine,

"I fear God, and have no other fear,"

He appeared to be another Atlas; and like him carried a world upon his ſhoulders. The ſucceſs I met with in Elfrida was more from ſituation and dreſs

dreſs than from the merit of the part, as it was very mediocre, and ſhort, though the character is amiable.

From being indiſpoſed at the beginning of the winter, and ſo conſtantly employed during the remainder of it, I had neither time nor inclination to ſee much company. I had even very little of Mr. Metham's company, as he was generally at White's, or ſome other coffee-houſe loſing his money. The thirtieth of January approaching, on which there was no performance, and it being Metham's birth-day, I propoſed giving a gala to his friends and my own. Accordingly, I ſent for Goundu to dreſs the dinner; and I ordered Robinſon, the confectioner, to furniſh the deſert.

The gentleman, on whoſe account the feaſt was celebrated, brought Mr. Calcraft in his hand; who was only known to me by having been in company with Mr. Fox, when he accidentally honoured me with a viſit, as before related, and from his being a conſtant attendant at the theatre, where he was introduced to me by Lord Robert Sutton. He ſat at the bottom of the table next to his introductor. The dinner was much admired. But when the deſert was placed on the table, it was extolled in the higheſt terms. It was indeed more ſumptuous than it could be ſuppoſed Mr. Metham's fortune could afford;

and the ordering of it ſeemed to reflect no great honour on my prudence.

I was much complimented for my taſte in it. But one of the company obſerving, that it might have been ſpared, or at leaſt that it might have been more confined, I became ſenſible of the impropriety I had been guilty of, in leaving it indiſcriminately to the confectioner. It being, however, now too late to be rectified, I endeavoured to turn it off by pleaſantry; ſaying, "I was not in fear of viſiting "the new buildings in St. George's-fields, on ac-"count of it; but if ever I ſhould, I hoped ſome "one or other of them would releaſe me." Upon which Mr. Metham aroſe, more like an inhabitant of Moor-fields, than the maſter of the feaſt, and declared I might rot there before he would releaſe me.

The ſurpriſe this extraordinary declaration excited in the company, and the damp it threw upon them, produced a dead ſilence for a few moments. At length the newly-introduced viſitor, turning to Mr. Metham, ſaid to him, "I hope, Sir, you will not "be angry with thoſe that will!" I endeavoured to recover my ſpirits, but all in vain. The feſtivity of the company was entirely deſtroyed. And though I did not regret the expence of the day, I could not help lamenting that my intentions were fruſtrated. What added to my vexation was, that there being

being no place of public entertainment open, on that evening, to induce the company to take their leave, I found myſelf under the neceſſity of aſſuming a cheerfulneſs, while my heart was burſting; and I was obliged to continue in this ſtate of torture, till three or four o'clock the next morning.

I juſt had time to requeſt one of the ladies to prevail upon Mr. Metham to go away; and I believe he was happy in the opportunity of doing ſo; as he could not avoid preceiving to what an irkſome ſituation his miſtaken jealouſy (for to that paſſion alone was his rudeneſs to be imputed) had brought the whole company, as well as placed us in the moſt ridiculous light. Lord Downe, who had honoured us with his preſence, having entertained a ſuſpicion that the inſult was indirectly aimed at him, went away as ſoon as decency would permit.—And here I muſt declare, which I do moſt ſolemnly, that though I had every reaſon to believe this nobleman had more than a partiality for me, whilſt I was under the protection of Mr. Metham, he never breathed an accent that might be conſtrued into love.

After the gentlemen were gone, ſome of my female friends pleaded Metham's cauſe, urging every thing that could be ſaid in his behalf, and ſoliciting me to forgive him; till, at laſt, aggravated by the inſult, and teized by their ſolicitations, I dropped on my

my knees before them, and made the moſt ſacred vow, that if he was now to offer me his hand, I would with ſcorn refuſe it. To which I added, with the ſame ſolemn energy, that I never would, even though death were to be the immediate conſequence, from that time to my dying hour, have any connection whatever with him.

Oh Sterne! had thy recording angel but obliterated with a tear of pity this vow, this haſty vow, and thereby eraſed it for ever from the eternal regiſter of mortals deeds, I might have ſtill been happy.—But ah! it was not to be done.—The occaſion deſerved not the ſame ſacred interference as that which thou haſt ſo pathetically deſcribed.—The pure ſpirit ſaw from what a benign ſource the error of thy offending hero ſprung.—He perceived it to be a virtue of the firſt water, almoſt impereeptibly ſullied by the frailty of human nature.—But mine had not any merit to plead in its favour, and excite the compaſſion of thoſe diſcriminating beings.—It was a vow of paſſion and reſentment; and as ſuch claimed not an angel's pitying tear.

Mr. Metham came the next day, and endeavoured to atone for the rudeneſs he had been guilty of, by the moſt ſubmiſſive conceſſions. He imputed it to a momentary frenzy he could not controul; but which proceeded from the exceſs of his love. My

reſentment

reſentment was, however, too lively to be ſubdued by any arguments he could make uſe of. Neither the moſt paſſionate profeſſions of unabated tenderneſs from *him*, nor the ſoft whiſpers of that affection I had long borne him, which would have pleaded his cauſe in my own boſom, made any impreſſion on my offended mind. I remained inexorable to every conciliating effort, and he went away in a ſtate of dejection ſcarcely to be imagined.

Next to my boaſted ſincerity, I have ever prided myſelf in my perſeverance. In which I perſiſt, as I have already ſaid, though ruin follows.—Happy would it have been for me, however, as the ſequel will prove, had not the offence been given, or that I had not ſo far yielded to the impetus of my reſentment, as to make ſuch vows upon the occaſion, as I conſidered myſelf bound to hold inviolable. Not only ſeven times ſhalt thou forgive, ſays the Prince of Peace, but *ſeventy times ſeven*. Beſides, the renewal of love from the quarrel of lovers, is an adage of the earlieſt ages. Time, which brings with it experience, too often experience too dearly bought, enables me *now* to make this cool and diſpaſſionate reflection. But, alas! at that period, I was young, unexperienced, blind to the future, and tenacious of reſolutions, which perhaps, as Hamlet ſays, would

" have

" have been more honoured in the breach, than in
" the obſervance."

As ſoon as my company were gone, the preceding night, or rather morning, I retired to my room; but my mind being too much diſcompoſed to think of reſt, I only walked about it. Whenever I approached the windows, I obſerved, by the light of the lamps, a man in the ſtreet, who ſeemed as much agitated as myſelf. My attention was, however, ſo engroſſed by my own troubles, that even curioſity could not excite me to beſtow a thought on him. Had I done ſo, I ſhould have concluded him to be ſome fortune-hunter upon the watch for a rich heireſs, who lived next door to me, and who was deprived almoſt of ſeeing the light, by an *Argus* of an old uncle. This would have been my conjecture, had the ſingularity of the circumſtance engaged my notice; little thinking our agitations procceded from the ſame ſource; but it did not.

After ſome days, Mr. Metham finding that I ſtill perſiſted in the reſolution of not admitting him as a lover, ſolicited to viſit me as a friend; and he prevailed upon Colonel Sandford to perſuade me to receive his viſits upon thoſe terms. To this I, at length, conſented; and I yielded my conſent the more readily, as I had formed a reſolution never to enter into a tender connection with any other perſon,

but

but to dedicate the whole of my attention to the duties of my profeſſion.

I now wrote to Mr. Quin, to give him an account of the revolution that had taken place in my affairs; and at the ſame time I informed him of my determination to avoid an union with any of his ſex. He wrote me for anſwer, that he very much approved the latter part of my letter, and made uſe of many arguments to confirm me in the reſolution. As to the opinon of the world, it was of very little value, in my eſtimation. And as a proof that I had always held it ſo, I had never kept ſecret from it any part of my conduct. As I was thus unreſerved, people charitably gave me credit for more follies than I was guilty of; the only credit the good natured world will allow, it being the cuſtom of the cenſorious to err always on the *un*favourable ſide, in ſuch a calculation.

The undiſcerning multitude judge of actions from appearance alone. The accidents from whence they proceed, and the motives that have governed them, lie hid from their view.—So that whoever places their happineſs on the good opinon of the world, will paſs many a ſleepleſs night—Some reſpect is indeed due to reputation, eſpecially from the female ſex. But if untoward circumſtances have rendered every care to preſerve that ineffectual; and either

all-

ill-founded ſuſpicions, or an unguarded moment, have caſt a ſtain upon it, the conſciouſneſs of a purity of intention ſhould enable us to ſet at defiance the ſlanders of that many-tongued demon, who, "making the wind his poſt-horſe, is continually "ſtuffing the ears of men with falſe reports."

A few mornings after, my maid brought me a packet that had been left for me; which, upon opening, I found to contain ten bank-bills of one hundred pounds each, incloſed in a blank cover. I directly concluded, that ſuch an inſtance of munificence could only come from the nobleman I have lately mentioned. Upon revolving in my mind the circumſtance, and endeavouring to trace from probability the ſender, I could fix on no one that ſeemed ſo likely to be the perſon as his Lordſhip. But, as a preſent of ſuch magnitude could not come from any one who was not greatly intereſted about me, I judged the perſon that ſent it would not remain long concealed; I therefore locked up the packet with a determination not to break into the ſum it contained upon any account, but to wait the event.

Mr. Metham being to dine with me, I aſked Colonel Sandford to accompany him, as I thought a *tete-a-tete*, in the preſent ſituation of affairs between us, would be aukward, and not very agreeable to both. And with theſe two gentlemen came Mr. Calcraft,

Calcraft, with whom Metham was now grown very intimate. Mrs. Lane, the ſecond daughter of Mr. Rich, happening accidentally to fall in, ſhe made likewiſe one of the party.

During dinner I was regretting that I could not obtain places to ſee the new pantomime of "Harle-"quin Sorcerer," the houſe being ſo crowded, that there was not a ſeat to be got. Upon which, Mrs. Lane politely offered to procure ſeats for me, any evening I ſhould chuſe to go, as well as for the young Dives, who ſtill continued to be generally with me. As I was not engaged the Saturday following at the theatre, that evening was fixed on for my going.—The *dear* friend of the unſuſpecting Metham, Mr. Calcraft, now propoſed to the gentlemen a party to Oxford, to hear Miſs Blandy's trial. As the Colonel and Mr. Metham were both men of pleaſure, they readily accepted the offer; and it was agreed that they ſhould ſet off the next morning.

G. A. B.

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## LETTER XLVII.

October 26, 17—.

MR. GARRICK, in order to fill his houſe, was now obliged to play very often himſelf. And having had

had ſuch ill ſucceſs with all his new pieces, except "The Maſque of Alfred," he determined in future to ſtick to his old ones, which he had always experienced to be both ſtaple and lucrative. His appearing in Hamlet on the Saturday, which had been announced ſome time, gave me an opportunity of availing myſelf of Mrs. Lane's intereſt at Covent-Garden. She herſelf did me the favour to accompany me; and I took with me Miſs Dives and her two brothers.

Soon after we were ſeated, to my great ſurpriſe, I heard my places called for; and who ſhould make his appearance but Mr. Calcraft. After a thouſand apologies for the liberty he had taken, he ſeated himſelf; and as we were confined for room, he was obliged to take one of the boys upon his knee. I then naturally enquired, why he did not purſue his journey to Oxford; and whether Mr. Metham was returned? He gave me for anſwer, that he had been obliged to come back upon ſome very extraordinary buſineſs, an expreſs having overtaken him at Salt-hill, to recall him to town; but that the two gentlemen had continued their route.

As Mr. Calcraft was a man of buſineſs, this ſtory paſſed current with me. Indeed, as I could not entertain the moſt diſtant idea that he could have had the preſumption to conceive any deſign upon me, or

the

the vanity to attempt to rival Metham, the excuſe he made carried with it an appearance of probability, and paſſed without further notice. At the concluſion of the piece, he handed us to the carriage, and requeſted permiſſion to wait upon us home. This I conſented to, and when we were ſet down, I aſked him to ſtay ſupper.

It being very late before the entertainment was concluded, ſupper was not over till near two; and as there was neither coach nor chair to be got for Mrs. Lane, and my carriage was ſet up, Mr. Calcraft offered her his chair, which was in waiting.—As that lady's houſe was as far off as Cary-ſtreet, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, he was obliged to ſtay a conſiderable time before his chairmen could return. This procured him a *tete-a-tete*, which otherwiſe he could never have obtained.

Before I proceed, it will be neceſſary to give ſome deſcription of a perſon who will conſtitute ſo conſpicuous a part in the dramatis perſonæ of my work. He was at that time called *honeſt* Jack Calcraft.—Whether his conduct ſince entitles him to this invaluable epithet, I ſhall leave to your diſcernment.—He was tall, rather inclined to be *en bon point*, of a florid complexion, blue eyes, auburn hair; and, taken together, he had a manly handſome face, and a well made perſon; but, from a ſlouch he had by ſome means

means or other contracted, or perhaps *from not having learned to dance*, as *Coupee* says, he had a certain vulgarity in his figure that was rather disgusting.—Indeed, but few men appeared to advantage when Mr. Metham was present, as his form was eminently attracting, and his deportment truly elegant. Mr. Calcraft did not attempt to impose himself on his acquaintance, either as a man of letters or a wit.—He had sense enough to know that such a description would prove too manifest to pass without discovery.

His father was the town-clerk of Grantham. He had given his son a country-school education; that is, he could read indifferently: but, to make amends for this, he was an adept in figures, and was perfectly acquainted with keeping a ledger. This qualification, joined to unremitted assiduity, enabled him, from being a clerk with a salary of only 40 l. a year, to acquire a *princely* fortune.

When we were left alone, the conversation turned upon the impropriety of Mr. Metham's behaviour to me, at which he had been present some days before. He said, it was only to be excused, by considering it as the madness of jealousy. And he seemed to regret his friend's extravagance of temper, which had led him to make use of a brutal expression, that had rendered him miserable.

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This apparently unaffected concern for his friend, added to the general character he bore, gave me ſo favourable an opinion of him, that I doubted not but he was really as honeſt a young man as he was repreſented to be. I therefore informed him, in confidence, of the bills which had been ſent me. As I conſidered him at too great a diſtance to form any deſign upon me, his ſeeming diffidence, his affected moderation, and apparent frankneſs, pointed him out, ſince he had been thus thrown in my way, as the moſt proper perſon I could conſult upon the occaſion. I accordingly ſhewed him the bills, and aſked him whether he could judge, by the ſuperſcription, from whom they came. He ſeemed highly flattered at the confidence with which I honoured him; and adviſed me by all means to make uſe of them. At the ſame time he declared, that had he poſſeſſed the power, he would have done the ſame, without any intereſted views. Having myſelf the moſt romantic notions of generoſity, I was readily induced to believe, that the perſon who had ſent them, (which, in my own mind, I believed to be Lord Downe) had no other view than to extricate me from ſome difficulties, which, upon the terms Metham and myſelf at preſent were, I might not chuſe to aſk or receive from him.

Mr.

Mr. Calcraft then aſked me, whether I thought Mr. Metham intended to marry me? In anſwer to which, I frankly told him, I would not accept his hand was he now to offer it to me. To this I added, that I had formed a reſolution never to enter into another engagement, let it be ever ſo eligible and advantageous. At this part of our converſation, the return of the chair being announced, he took his leave, requeſting that I would permit him the honour of waiting upon me when I had leiſure. To this I aſſented, and then retired to my room, without entertaining any idea of what an indiſcretion I had been guilty, in ſitting till ſuch an hour in the morning with a young man, who, though *I* eſteemed him to be too inſignificant to cauſe reflections on my character, might not be deemed ſo by *others*.—The conſciouſneſs of acting right is not alone ſufficient to ſecure from cenſure; every appearance of indiſcretion muſt alſo be attentively avoided.—If, notwithſtanding, "we be as chaſte as ice, and as pure as "ſnow, we ſhall not eſcape calumny," as Hamlet tells Ophelia; with what circumſpection muſt it be neceſſary that the moſt innocent ſhould act, to preſerve their characters, as much as poſſible, from imputed ſtains!

The next night was Mrs. Pritchard's benefit, in which I performed. The ſtage was exceedingly crowded;

crowded; when a perſon in liquor accoſted me, as I ſtood ready to go on, in a very rude manner. Mr. Calcraft, who happened to be by, hearing what paſſed, immediately reſented the affront that had been offered to me; and, after ſome words that enſued, knocked the ſtranger down. As ſoon as the aggreſſor was able to riſe, my champion deſired he would walk out, as he wanted to ſpeak with him. They accordingly withdrew together; but, upon Mr. Calcraft's ſpeedily returning with looks of cheerfulneſs, we all concluded the affair was amicably adjuſted.—This excited the firſt idea that ever aroſe in my mind of his entertaining a partiality for me; and made me repent that I had given him an invitation to be of a large party that were to ſup with me after the play was over.

The diſtant reſpect which Mr. Calcraft ſhewed towards me, during the evening, induced me to imagine I had been miſtaken in the conjecture I had formed. And as he was the firſt of the company that went away, and had been rallied, during ſupper, relative to ſome lady he was partial to, I was convinced that I had been in error.

The next morning I went to take a walk in the park, where a ſervant of Mr. Metham's came up to me, and informed me that his maſter was come to town, and deſired to ſpeak to me at his lodgings.—

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As it was but a ſtep from the park, I immediately went. In my way, I ſaw, to my great ſurpriſe, Mr. Calcraft, and the perſon who had offended me the evening before. I afterwards found that Mr. Calcraft had paid the ſtranger an early viſit in the morning, and inſiſted on his either aſking my pardon, or exchanging a ſhot with him. The poor man, who did not even recollect, when he awoke, how he had got the bruiſes he felt, could not at firſt be perſuaded that any thing had happened to occaſion this requiſition. Nor even, if the affront had really been given, did he conceive there was any occaſion to make an apology to an *actreſs*. Mr. Calcraft, however, convincing him that there was a neceſſity for either one or the other, the Hibernian (for of that kingdom he happened to be) wiſely preferred the former.

He accordingly prepared to attend his unwelcome viſitor. They had been at my houſe, and hearing I was gone to the Park, were making the beſt of their way to Mr. Metham's lodgings, where Mr. Calcraft judged I might call in. We all entered together, and the ſtranger made an aukward apology, uttering ſomething, at the ſame time, about the delicacy of an actreſs—a ſet of wretches, that, he ſeemed to think, might at any time be offended with impunity. Mr. Metham no ſooner heard this, than he ſaid to him, with great ſolemnity, "Sir, that lady is to be

"my

"my wife!" So unexpected a declaration frightened the poor Iriſhman, who thought he had met with Don Quixote himſelf; and he took his leave as ſoon as he poſſibly could. For Mr. Metham had an air of conſequence, when he pleaſed to aſſume it, that was ſufficient to ſtrike awe and terror into a braver man than my inſulter ſeemed to be.

When the ſtranger was gone, inſtead of thanking Mr. Calcraft for having reſcued me from the inſults of an intoxicated brute, with all the *hauteur* of an eaſtern monarch, Mr. Metham aſked him what right he had to inliſt himſelf as my champion. My ſurpriſe at this freſh abſurdity was greater than I can expreſs; for I expected, as he certainly ought to have done, that he would have loaded my protector with thanks, for having guarded me during his abſence.

But the myſtery was ſoon unravelled. By what dropt in the converſation which enſued, I found, that having unluckily called at my houſe, he had been informed by my maid (of whoſe partiality to him, and diſreſpect to me, I have already made mention) not only of the *tete-a-tete* which had taken place at ſo unſeaſonable an hour, the night before, between Mr. Calcraft and myſelf, but of his walking in the ſtreet during the whole of the night after our quarrel. Whilſt this information made me ac-

"quainted,

quainted, that Mr. Calcraft was the identical perſon whom I had a caſual view of from my window, and evinced his attachment to me more than any other circumſtance had done, it accounted for Mr. Metham's preſent behaviour. The intelligence he had thus obtained from my ſervant, added to Mr. Calcraft's ſudden return to town, awakened all his jealouſy, and convinced him of his new friend's duplicity. The effect this diſcovery, and the altercation which enſued, had upon me, was greater than my ſpirits were able to bear, I accordingly fainted away. When I came to myſelf, I heard that a challenge had been the conſequence, and that General Burton and Colonel Haywood were to be the ſeconds; but what was the reſult of their meeting I never heard, as fortune diſpoſed of me for ſome time in a manner I little expected.

As my benefit was to be the Saturday following, the conſequent employment which I had upon my hands, prevented me from ſeeing either of my heroes, but at a diſtance, during the interim. I had made choice of "Venice Preſerved;" but was apprehenſive I muſt have been obliged to change it for ſome other through the careleſſneſs of the printer of the bills, who had omitted the part of Jaffier. Mr. Garrick not giving himſelf time to conſider that the omiſſion could affect *me* alone, was greatly offended, and

and with a warmth that bordered on ill manners, aſked me, who was to have the honour of being my huſhand the next night? Aſtoniſhed at the queſtion, I ſtood ſpeechleſs, till he informed me of the cauſe of his diſpleaſure: as this gave me the more pain from our not being then on the beſt of terms, as before obſerved, I aſſured him I was greatly diſtreſſed that ſuch an omiſſion had happened, as I was above the low art of intending an affront to any one, particularly to him, *on whoſe great merit I depended for having a brilliant audience.* I had no ſooner ſaid this, than his countenance cleared up, and ſmiling, he repeated the words of King Richard, in the ſame tone and manner as when he performed that character, *A little flattery ſometimes does well.*

The houſe was crowded, and the applauſe uncommon. Mr. Murray (now Earl Mansfield) ſat near Mr. Fox, and after expreſſing great ſatisfaction at the performance in general, concluded with ſaying, "I came to admire Garrick, but go away enchanted "with Bellamy." Mr. Fox, always happy to be the harbinger of good news, came to inform me of this moſt flattering circumſtance of my whole theatrical career. You may be aſſured I was not a little elevated with receiving the approbation of ſo great and ſenſible a man. Mr. Garrick being in the Green-room at the time Mr. Fox delivered me the

pleaſing

pleaſing intelligence, he beheld the honour that was thus conferred upon me with an envious eye. This event confirmed that diſlike he already had imbibed for me. For more apprehenſive of a rivalſhip in fame, than an eaſtern monarch of his power, he could not bear *even a ſiſter* near the throne.

G. A. B.

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LETTER XLVIII.

Oct. 30, 17—.

THE fatigue both of body and mind I had gone thro' the preceding day, occaſioned me to lie longer in bed than uſual the morning after my benefit. I had given my ſervants orders not to admit Mr. Metham if he came. But he was the maſter, and would not be denied. He accordingly made his way to my bed-room, and came up to the ſide of my bed with a look as frantic as if he had juſt eſcaped from Dr. Monro's. Then looking ſtedfaſtly at me, he aſked me if I would live with him again? Upon my anſwering in a determined tone of voice that I would not, he drew his hanger, and ſwore by his Maker that I ſhould then die with him. Very fortunately my little boy was playing in the room, who, upon ſeeing the ſhining weapon held over me, he ſcreamed out, "Oh my mama! my mama!"

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This exclamation of his child awaking a gleam of tenderneſs, and obſerving that I was deprived of my ſenſes, he came a little to his. As ſoon as I was recovered, he tried by threats and imprecations to prevail upon me to lay aſide the reſolution I had formed, and to renew our late intimacy; but in vain. I was not to be moved. Intimidation, as I have before obſerved, never had any weight with me.—Finding this method would not ſucceed, he had recourſe to milder means. He intreated; he prayed; and made uſe of every winning argument the utmoſt tenderneſs could ſuggeſt. This mode of proceeding was much more likely to anſwer his purpoſe than the other. Yet I ſtill reſiſted every offer, even that of his immediate hand; together with the moſt ſolemn aſſurance that he would endeavour to atone for the offence he had given me, by the moſt unremitting attention during the whole of his life.

Upon my ſtill obſtinately perſiſting in my refuſal, his phrenzy again returned. I repeatedly deſired him to leave me; and nothing but his exceſſive tenderneſs, and the fear that I might be once more deprived of my ſenſes, could have induced him to comply with my requeſt. At length, however, ſeeing the ſituation to which I was reduced, he went away. But this was only on condition that I would permit him to return in two hours. As he went

out, he gave the ſervants ſtrict orders not to ſuffer any perſon whatſoever to ſee me. He then, as I afterwards learnt, proceeded to his lodgings, where he found Major Burton, who had been ſome time in London, and had poſtponed his return to France on account of the diſtraction of his friend.

The moment he was gone, I diſpatched my maid upon a ſleeveleſs errand to one of my female acquaintances. And, to prevent any apprehenſions that might ariſe in her mind from being ſent out, I told her I was ſo ill that I would endeavour to compoſe myſelf till ſhe returned. But inſtead of doing this, ſhe was no ſooner out of my room than I aroſe, and putting on the firſt clothes I could find, I ran more dead than alive, like a diſtracted woman, into the ſtreet. The people at this time, it being Sunday, were juſt coming from church; and ſeeing a young creature in a dreſs not adapted to walking in the ſtreets, and with a wildneſs in her looks, they naturally concluded I was deprived of my ſenſes.

As I went along, I was compoſed enough to recollect that my mother's lodgings, or the reſidence of any one of my intimates, could not furniſh me with a refuge, as thoſe would be the firſt places my purſuer would ſearch for me in, when he was acquainted with my flight. I therefore winged my ſteps to Southampton-ſtreet, to the houſe where I lodged

when

when I firſt returned from Ireland; which was the ſame as the worthy Ganſels had taken up their abode in. Mrs. Smith, the miſtreſs of it, did every thing in her power to compoſe me. And after ſhe had got me ſome breakfaſt, went herſelf to my mother to inform her of my being there. This precaution proved well-timed, as Mr. Metham was at her lodgings and raving like a madman, He had been at Mr. Calcraft's houſe, as he concluded he was the lure that had tempted me to fly. But being aſſured that I was not there, he continued his reſearches. Mr. Calcraft, upon hearing I had abſented myſelf, experienced nearly the ſame tormenting ſenſations that Metham did. Love and jealouſy made *him* ſuppoſe that I had put myſelf under the protection of Lord Downe; his Lordſhip poſſeſſing every attraction which captivates our ſex. He conſequently felt little leſs from his jealous apprehenſions than Mr. Metham experienced.

My mother, after promiſing Mr. Metham that ſhe would inform him of my retirement as ſoon as ſhe had diſcovered it, came to me. She would have been better pleaſed, had I accepted of what had been ſo long the grand object of *her* conſtant ſolicitations, and of *my* wiſhes, now it was offered to me; but as Metham was in the frantic ſtate ſhe had found him to be, and danger might have attended my continu-

ing any longer at home, ſhe did not entirely diſapaprove of my precipitate flight.

The paſſion-week, very fortunately for me, was the ſucceeding one to that in which I had experienced ſuch a variety of perturbations. To obtain a little reſpite from theſe, and to avoid the frantic Metham, till he ſhould be reſtored to a greater degree of tranquillity, I determined to ſeize this opportunity of paying a viſit to my friends at Donnalan Park. Mrs. Smith, who had likewiſe received a preſſing invitation from the hoſpitable owners of that manſion when they were at her houſe, agreed to accompany me.

Accordingly we ſet out the next day, in a hired poſt-chaiſe; and on our arrival were received by Mr. and Mrs. Ganſel with the greateſt cordiality. In the old gentleman it was more than cordiality, it amounted to tranſport. He even declared, that the pleaſure of ſeeing me would add ten years to his life, as he felt himſelf regenerated by it. He overpowered me with the profuſion of praiſe with which he loaded me; ſo that all thoſe who were preſent ſuppoſed, that I not only ſurpaſſed the Oldfield and Porter of *his* time, but equalled the inimitable *Cibber* of *ours*; a pitch of excellence to which I could ſcarcely hope to arrive. My youth, indeed, claimed the indulgence of the public, and this they were

pleaſed

pleaſed to beſtow with a more laviſh hand than, I fear, my merit deſerved.

The unfeigned marks of pleaſure which were to be ſeen in the countenances of the maſter and miſtreſs, diffuſed itſelf through the whole family, and all the domeſtics ſeemed to wiſh to ſurpaſs each other in their attention towards me. I found myſelf in a terreſtrial paradiſe, where every thing proclaimed it to be the abode of peace, innocence, and delight.—Mr. Ganſel, who from the frequent attacks of the gout, to which he was ſubject, was an invalid, uſually retired at eight o'clock, and left his dame to entertain their company at ſupper. At dinner he always took the lead, and not only kept Mrs. Ganſel ſilent, but ſaved her the trouble of doing the offices of the table. But notwithſtanding this was his uſual cuſtom, in order to ſhew me every reſpect in his power, on the evening of my arrival he declared he would ſit up if he never did on another. It was in vain that I united my intreaties with thoſe of his lady and the company, that he would not riſk his health by ſtaying up after his accuſtomed hour. He ſaid, he felt ſo much ſatisfaction from ſeeing his admired Juliet at Donnalan Park, that nothing ſhould induce him to leave her till ſhe retired to reſt.

I was not a little amazed to hear the old gentleman order for ſupper, three boiled chickens, three

roaſted, three broiled, and the cold chicken pye.—Such catering, where there ſeemed to be a variety of every thing neceſſary to pleaſe the appetite, carried with it the appearance of a peculiar ſpecies of oddity. Nor did his interference in his lady's province ſeem leſs ſingular. And though ſuch a quantity of proviſions of the ſame quality was ordered, the company conſiſted only of eight perſons.

During ſupper, a gloom overclouded the countenance of Mrs. Ganſel, which I likewiſe could not account for. Her invitation had been as preſſing as that of her huſband, and the pleaſure ſhe ſhewed on my alighting from the carriage, had all the appearance of ſincerity.—What can occaſion theſe myſteries, thought I! They were, however, at length cleared up.

When Mrs. Ganſel did me the honour to ſhew me to my apartment, ſhe apologized for the indifferent ſupper I had ſat down to. She ſaid, ſhe had provided one much more ſuitable to thoſe I had been accuſtomed to, but her lord and maſter, having, in his young days, made an oath never to have at his table, when he himſelf was preſent, but one diſh, or rather, only food of the ſame quality, excepting vegetable and fruit pyes, ſhe had been obliged that evening to conform to his humour. I told her, as that was the caſe, I could not conceive how he could entertain-

entertain ſuch numbers as frequented his table, and preſerve his reſolution, unleſs he roaſted a whole ox. She replied, that on the morrow my curioſity would be fully gratified, as his brethren of the quorum were to dine there. She then aſſured me, that as ſhe found ſupper to be my principal meal, I ſhould have one of a different nature from the dinner, as long as I did them the favour to ſtay; Mr. Ganſel giving her permiſſion to pleaſe herſelf in that point, when he was not preſent. I own the oddity of my new friend, and the innocent frankneſs of his wife, gave me as much entertainment, at that juncture, as my harraſſed mind could be ſuſceptible of.

G. A. B.

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## LETTER XLIX.

Nov. 9, 17—.

THE next morning I got up to contemplate the beauties of a place, which ſeemed to abound with every thing that was convenient and elegant. The firſt thing which ſtruck my notice, and which I had not obſerved through my fatigue the night before, was the furniture and hangings of the room in which I ſlept; theſe, as well as the bed and the window-curtains, were of blue ſattin, with borders compoſed of flowers cut out of old faſhioned fine point lace,

ſuch as was formerly worn. This had the moſt beautiful effect of any thing I had ever ſeen of the kind.

The houſe was ſmall, but very convenient; there were, however, apartments at the Pheaſantry, an adjacent building, which could be occupied upon any particular occaſion. The kitchen was large and well furniſhed. The pantry was ſupplied with every thing that could gratify the taſte of the greateſt epicure. The neatneſs of the dairy proclaimed that the miſtreſs had an eye over it. The park, though well ſtocked, was kept ſo clean, that it had the appearance of a kitchen-garden. The menagerie, which contained many ſorts of curious beaſts, was taken great care of. This was pleaſantly ſituated, but what conduced to make it more ſo was, that from the parlour window you have a view of the lighters and boats paſſing and repaſſing on the neighbouring river, which formed a moſt beautiful moving picture.

And yet the worthy poſſeſſors of this delightful reſidence were not happy. They found a great alloy to their comfort from their only ſon, Col. Ganſel's obſtinately refuſing to comply with their wiſhes in marrying. This occaſioned much regret to his parents, who were apprehenſive that, from his living and dying in a ſtate of celibacy, their eſtate, which they

had

had taken ſo much pains to improve for him, ſhould devolve to ſtrangers.—Such is the lot of mortals.—Some darkſome cloud or other will intercept the beams of happineſs.—We *vainly* flatter ourſelves with taſting unimbittered pleaſures.—To every ſtate and condition are annexed its advantages and diſadvantages.—Even a monarch, "ſleeping in perfumed "chambers, under the canopies of coſtly ſtate, and "lulled with ſounds of ſweet melody," ſometimes can envy the peaceful ſlumbers of the meaneſt wretch—and like the fourth Harry, exclaim,

* "Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep, give thy repoſe
"To the wet ſea-boy, in the rudeſt hour?
"And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
"With all appliances and means to boot,
"Deny it to a king?"—

Though I had ſet out on my ramble over this delightful ſpot ſoon after breakfaſt, I was ſo enchanted by the different parts of it, and led on from one beauty to another, that dinner was ready before I returned. I was of courſe obliged to make my appearance among the "grave and reverend ſignors," who compoſed the party, in my diſhabile. The maſter of the houſe, ſurrounded by his conſequential

* Henry IV. Second Part, Act 3d, Scene 1ſt.

brethren, waited my return on his crutches; and gently chid me for preventing the veniſon from being ſerved up. Upon examining the contents of the table, I obſerved that it conſiſted of a large haunch of veniſon at the top, another at the bottom, a paſty on each ſide, with French beans, &c. &c. in the middle.

As I had always a diſlike to veniſon, I was apprehenſive I ſhould not be able to make a dinner. But complaiſance obliging me to conceal this peculiarity, I taſted it, and found it to be the moſt delicious viand I had ever partaken of. The deſert made up in variety for the ſameneſs of the dinner. After ſitting till the bottle began to circulate, I made a motion to retire; when the maſter of the feaſt, who ſat next to me, gave me a gentle tap, adding at the ſame time, "Sit ſtill, my dear girl; we never ſay "any thing women would bluſh to hear: and I can "ſee no reaſon for ladies retiring after the firſt or "ſecond glaſs, without it ariſes from an apprehen- "ſion of ſomething of that nature, or that the men "propoſe to make themſelves brutes."

This ſentiment, which would have done honour to the moſt refined underſtanding, pleaſed me ſo much, that it was with difficulty I refrained from kiſſing the hand that had tapped me.—The want of decency, indeed, argues a want of ſenſe. It is very hard

hard that women ſhould be excluded, as they too frequently are at the politeſt tables, from ſharing in the mirth and conviviality uſually attendant on the circulation of the bottle, becauſe ſome gentlemen cannot refrain from mingling with their wit what muſt give offence to a delicate mind!—With men of true genius and perfect good-breeding, the mental bowl (as my much-lamented friend Thomſon terms it) is more plyed than the bottle.—Their feaſts not only tend to the refreſhment of the body, but furniſh food for the ſoul.—And as the intellectual bowl, though elevating, does not poſſeſs the intoxicating power of the juice of the grape, the wit and humour it inſpires are ſeldom tinctured with indelicacy.

At Mr. Quin's petit ſoupers, which were honoured with the preſence of ſome of the brighteſt geniuſes the of age, nothing eſcaped that could offend a female ear. There the converſation was delicate, lively, and interſperſed with every thing that could improve the underſtanding, as well as delight the heart—Some expreſſions, not altogether becoming the lips of this beſt of men, have been, I know, imputed to him; and from the luxuriancy of his imagination, ſome might have eſcaped him in an unguarded moment; but theſe *jeux d' eſprits* have, I doubt not, been multiplied, and many have obtained

the ſanction of his name which owed not their being to him.

Colonel Ganſel joined us in the evening; and as his mother doated upon him, the fatted calf was killed. Upon this occaſion Mrs. Ganſel gave evident proofs that ſhe had made Mrs. Glaſs's art of cookery her ſtudy. The next day, as we were ſitting at dinner, the old gentleman was informed that a ſtranger wiſhed to ſpeak with him. Upon his ſending out word that he would be glad if the gentleman would walk in, he received a note acquainting him, that as the buſineſs was of a very particular and preſſing nature, the writer begged to have the honour of ſpeaking to him alone.

Mr. Ganſel, who added curioſity to his other qualities, gave orders that one of the four diſhes which were on the table (four being his uſual number) ſhould be kept warm for himſelf and viſitor. He then deſired us to proceed with our dinner, as from the contents of the note it was uncertain how long he ſhould be detained. The air he aſſumed, as he ſaid this, ſeemed to affect his ſon very viſibly. I obſerved that he changed colour, and appeared to be much agitated. After ſome time the bell rang, and the reſerved diſh was ordered to be ſerved up to Mr. Ganſel and his gueſt. Mrs. Ganſel going out at the ſame time, ſhe ſoon returned, and ſmiling on her

ſon,

ſon, ſaid to him, "You need not be alarmed, your "father is in high good-humour. You are not the "firſt ſon that has fallen in love without the leave "of his parents." From this I learnt the cauſe of the Colonel's anxiety; and was further informed afterwards, that he had been for ſome time privately married to a perſon, to his union with whom he had but little hope of obtaining his father's conſent.

The colonel had brought down with him a beautiful white bull, as an addition to his father's menagerie. It was the moſt extraordinary creature of the kind I ever ſaw. After dinner we went into the park to view it. Whilſt I was there, a ſervant came to inform me that his maſter requeſted to ſpeak with me. As I ſuppoſed the old gentleman only wanted me, through his fondneſs for my company, to join in the converſation, I was not very well pleaſed with this mark of diſtinction. I had much rather have remained with the party I was in, and continued my walk; but notwithſtanding my reluctance I obeyed the invitation.

This being my idea relative to the cauſe of the meſſage I had juſt received, I went into the room where Mr. Ganſel was, without any other ſuſpicion; when, to my inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, I ſaw Mr. Calcraft with him. I had no ſooner entered than the old gentleman, taking me by the hand, and his new viſitor by his, introduced him to me in the following words:

words: "Here, my dear, is your protector from a "madman. This is a gentleman of honour, and he "propoſes, with your conſent, to make you happy "for life."

He then ſhewed me a paper; but, without explaining the contents of it, rung the bell, and ordered a ſervant to go to his attorney, and deſire him to come immediately. The ſervant ſoon returned, and informed his maſter, that the attorney he uſually employed was not at home, but that Mr. ——— (I have forgot the name of the other) was.— "No! no!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "he will "not do. I do not want a fellow to come and dine "with me, and then charge me thirteen ſhillings and "four-pence for his company. Do you know, Sir," ſaid he, turning to Mr. Calcraft, "that I frequently "aſked that man to dine with me, in the ſame manner I may do any other of my neighbours, and "the ſcoundrel, beſides cramming himſelf with the "beſt that my table afforded, charged me thirteen "ſhillings and four-pence for every time he did me "the honour to viſit me, till it amounted to the ſum "of two hundred pounds. But you are in no haſte," continued he; "my attorney will return in the "evening, and then the buſineſs ſhall be con-"cluded."

My

My confuſion, at ſo unexpected a propoſal, deprived me of the power of ſpeech. Upon which Mr. Ganſel went on to inform me, that Mr. Calcraft, in whoſe praiſe he launched out, had it not in his power to marry me immediately, as his dependence on Mr. Fox prevented him from doing ſo. But that the paper he held in his hand was the copy of a contract of marriage, in which Mr. Calcraft had engaged, under the forfeiture of fifty thouſand pounds, to make me his wife, within the term of ſix or ſeven years; in which time, from every appearance, there was no doubt of his acquiring ſuch an independency as would enable him to avow his ſituation. But at preſent he could not ſuffer the ceremony to be performed, as his patron had enjoined him, upon pain of his diſpleaſure, and the loſs of his ſupport, not to enter into a ſerious engagement with a woman in public life. That as theſe were the ſentiments of the man to whom he was indebted for his preſent affluence, and on whom his future proſpects depended, he thought he was bound in gratitude to obey his injunctions on this head. Therefore, though he loved me to diſtraction, he had too great a regard to his honour, which he had pledged to his patron, to purchaſe even me at the expence of it. As things were in ſuch a ſituation, he had thought of this method as the

the only one by which he could ſecure *me*, and keep his own word.

I heard, with patience, Mr. Ganſel repeat his viſitor's reaſons for his preſent conduct; but he had no ſooner done ſo than I expreſſed, in the ſtrongeſt terms, my diſſatisfaction to the latter, at taking the liberty of troubling either Mr. Ganſel or myſelf upon the ſubject. I then aſſured him, that I was firmly reſolved never to form any connection whatſoever, and deſired he would let me hear no more of his addreſſes. I was now about to leave the room, when Mr. Calcraft, who was viſibly affected at my determination, ſtepped between me and the door, and endeavoured to prevent me from going.

Offended at this freedom, paſſion got the better of good manners, and, I am almoſt aſhamed even at this diſtant period to indite it, I ſtruck him. The thought of having demeaned myſelf ſo much, operated ſo forcibly on my mind, that I burſt into tears; and I felt myſelf more confounded at having given the blow, than Zanga did at receiving one. Mr. Calcraft vented his feelings in ſighs and groans; and the old gentleman was almoſt diſtracted. At length, the latter having compelled me to ſit down, he expatiated upon Mr. Metham's ungentleman-like treatment of me. By this means, he ſaid, my veracity was doubted, my reputation blaſted, and I was every

moment

moment liable to fall a ſacrifice to a madman's jealouſy. In ſhort, he painted my ſituation in ſuch lively colours, that I now trembled as much from fear, as I had juſt done from anger; and I ſat deprived of the power of ſpeech or motion.

When Mr. Calcraft found he had ſo warm an advocate in Mr. Ganſel, he thought it would further his ſuit, if he left him to plead his cauſe alone. He accordingly apologized to the old gentleman for his abrupt departure, by making buſineſs his excuſe.—He further told him, that he feared the ſame reaſon would impede his viſiting Donnalan-Park again for ſome time, unleſs he ſhould honour him with the pleaſing intelligence of my conſenting to be his.—This he begged he would ſtrive by every means in his power to obtain, and as ſoon as he had done ſo, he would fly to execute the deed. He added, that his affection for me made him unhappy to a degree on my account, as he knew not what would be the conſequence of my returning to London, without ſome perſon to protect me. This taſk he aſſured me he would undertake, if I would permit him, though at the hazard of his life. He then, as I made him no anſwer, took his leave.

Happy was I when he left the room. The agitation, however, that I had undergone, during this diſguſting trial, threw me into a fever; and as the

Paſſion

Paſſion-week was expired before I recovered, Mr. Ganſel was obliged to write to his ſon, who had returned to town, to deſire he would wait on Mr. Garrick, to inform him of my inability to attend the duties of the theatre for ſome days. This the Colonel did, and found that my preſence was not very requiſite to the manager, as moſt of the nights were appropriated to benefits.—Surely never woman experienced ſuch a ſucceſſion of anxieties and troubles—I was born to be unfortunate—and every incident, even at this early period of my life, tended to fulfil the fatal decree.—Prepare yourſelf, therefore, to meet in the ſequent pages a variety of ſorrows, thinly, very thinly ſprinkled with comforts.—But I will not anticipate.

G. A. B.

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LETTER L.

Nov. 10, 17—

MR. GANSEL ſoothed, adviſed, and uſed every art to induce me to accept of what he termed happineſs; and when my indiſpoſition was at the height, he attended me rather like an old nurſe than a man of an affluent fortune, and one who had ſat ſo many ſeſſions in parliament.

At

At length I received a letter from my mother, wherein ſhe informed me, that ſhe had let Mr. Metham know the place of my retirement, with which he ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied. That ſhe found his exaſperation proceeded more from the wound his pride had received, by the ſuppoſition of his having a rival, than from the fervour of his affection. She added, that it was reported he had renewed his intimacy with a demirep of quality, to whom he had formerly been devoted; and concluded with ſaying, that ſhe had every reaſon to believe, from what ſhe had heard, that, were I now to relax from my ſeverity, (judging from the indifference with which he ſpoke of me) he did not mean to marry me.

This letter, this fatal letter, ſtrengthened by Metham's ſilence, when he knew, or was ſuppoſed to know, the place of my refuge, renewed my reſentment againſt him, which for ſome time had been upon the wane, and put the finiſhing ſtroke to my undoing. For had I ſeen him before the union, to which I was ſo much ſolicited, had taken place, though I might not have conſented to be his, I never could have been another's. Thus, by the moſt cruel deception, (for a deception I afterwards found it to be, and my mother the innocent means by which it was rendered effectual) was I made the dupe of my reſentment.

That

That paſſion now exerting its greateſt power over my mind, and my well-meaning temper, Mr. Ganſel, making uſe of every art to obtain my conſent, to be the future wife of Mr. Calcraft, I could not withſtand their united efforts. The writing was immediately copied, and a letter diſpatched to require his attendance to ſign and ſeal it.

But my conſent was ſcarcely given, before the the dear idea of the man I ſtill loved, in ſpite of his unkind words; my firſt and only love; the father of my child; ruſhed, in its moſt pleaſing form upon my mind, and baniſhed every other object. My heart recoiled at the reluctant union I was about to enter into, and I determined to adhere to the reſolution I had made, of avoiding a connection with any other man. My kind hoſt no ſooner was informed of this alteration in my ſentiments, than he endeavoured to combat it with his moſt powerful arguments. He repreſented to me, the abſurdity of oppoſing my good fortune, which had thrown in my way an *aſſured* connection with a man, who was already in a good ſituation, and who bid fair to be ſoon an opulent one. That it was fooliſh and childiſh in the extreme, to recall my promiſe when I had once given it. And, reſerving his moſt forcible one till the laſt, he concluded with obſerving, that he wondered my *ſpirit*, which, upon almoſt every other occaſion, was uncontroul-

able,

able, could bear to be treated with indifference. This thought, added to the recollection of my reception at Tunbridge, which made me ſeverely feel my degraded ſituation, arouſed once more my reſentment; and it "came o'er me as doth the raven o'er the infected houſe," till it totally deprived me of the power of making any further oppoſition.

I need not ſay that Mr. Calcraft ſoon reached Donnalan Park. The contract was immediately executed; and, except the omiſſion of the ceremony, our nuptials were ſolemnized to the ſatisfaction of all parties, *but my poor ſelf.* The old gentleman was as happy aud as proud of his having ſucceeded in the negociation, as if he had married a darling daughter to an hereditary prince. As for myſelf, I ſtill, like the patriarch's dove, longed to return to that home where all my happineſs had ſo long been depoſited; and had I known the *real* ſituation of the man that had offended me, inſtead of waiting for his ſubmiſſion, I ſhould myſelf have produced the olive branch, and have ſued for peace. When we returned to town, the contract was left with Mr. Ganſel, as a place of the greateſt ſecurity, and as being lodged in the hands of one of my moſt zealous friends.

Upon my arrival in London, ſuppoſing Mr. Metham's ſtate of mind to be ſuch as it had been repreſented to me, I wrote to him to let him know that I had

had now placed an everlaſting bar to any future union between myſelf and him. But how ſhall I relate it! I found, that inſtead of the unconcern I ſuppoſed him to have acquired, he had been confined to his bed, ever ſince our ſeparation, by a violent fever, which he was at this time ſlowly recovering from. But upon the receipt of my letter, his diſorder returned, and with it his delirium. So that he was now more frantic than ever. And in the paroxyſms of his rage, repeatedly attempted to deſtroy himſelf. He was, however, prevented from accompliſhing his dreadful purpoſe, by the tender care of his friend Major Burton, and the vigilance of his faithful valet, who never left him.

The account my mother had ſent me relative to Mr. Metham's recovered coolneſs, and of his renewing his connection with the demirep of faſhion, I afterwards diſcovered, was communicated to her by my ſervant, whoſe diſregard for me I have more than once mentioned, and who had been gained over to his intereſt by Mr. Calcraft. But this manœuvre, though it anſwered the purpoſe in ſome degree, by bringing about the union he wiſhed for, did not in the long run, (as will be ſeen) inſure him the happineſs he expected. The very falſehood and deception made uſe of upon theſe occaſions, are always ſure to counteract the purpoſes they have been deſigned to ſerve. Pleaſures

which

which are acquired by truth and honour will alone prove ſatisfactory and laſting.

A few days after my being in the town, I was told that Sherrad, Mr. Metham's valet, wanted to ſpeak to me. He had brought me a letter. The poor fellow with tears in his eyes informed me, that his maſter was ſtill confined to his bed, and would certainly die, if I did not ſee him, and give him ſome comfort. He told me that he raved continully about me, wiſhing to call me his once more, and conjuring me on his knees to be reconciled to him. When I aſſured Sherrad that it was too late, as my fate was already determined, the kind creature exclaimed, "Then we "are all undone; my poor little maſter and all." Having ſaid this, he hung his head oppreſſed with ſorrow and dejection.

This unaffected tenderneſs in the ſervant, and his mentioning my dear child, whom he loved as if he had been his own, was more than I could bear. It harrowed up my ſoul. I ruſhed from him, to hide my agonizing ſenſations, and in my diſtraction reproached both my mother and Calcraft for having joined to deceive and betray me. The effect of theſe exquiſite ſenſations was too much for my ſtrength, and I fell ſenſeleſs on the floor. From thence I was conveyed to my room, in a ſtate of frantic grief, little

ſhort

ſhort of Metham's, and conſidering myſelf a wretched creature, loſt for ever to the world.

When Mr. Metham's faithful valet returned, and gave his maſter an account of what had paſſed, his diſtraction increaſed; and in a fit of real madneſs, for nothing but madneſs could dictate ſuch an epiſtle, as he now knew the inſurmountable obſtacles which intervened, repeated his promiſe of marriage if I would return to him; and conjuring me at the ſame time, by our paſt happineſs, to permit him to fulfil it.

The perturbations I had been thrown into by Sherrad's viſit, added to the other ſevere trials I had before undergone, continued for ſome days to keep my mind in a ſtate of frantic confuſion; but they were too violent to laſt long. They at length ſubſided, and gave way to a ſtupor which threatened idiotiſm. As I had not, amidſt all this, anſwered Mr. Metham's letter, he was ſo diſpleaſed at the omiſſion, that he ſent for his ſon from my mother, and placed him with Mrs. Dives, his ſiſter. This, however, gave me no additional uneaſineſs, as the infinite obligations that lady lay under to her brother, as well as the tenderneſs with which I had treated her children whilſt they were with me, inſured a return of affection to my little boy, who was now two years and a quarter old.

You

You ſee me now entered into a new track of life; and will, I doubt not, do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that a train of events contributed towards it, which it was ſcarcely in the power of human prudence to counteract. I have indeed to blame myſelf, as I have had occaſion to do more than once before, for *precipitation*. To my precipitation in making the raſh vow I did, never to have any further intimacy with Mr. Metham, and to my obſtinate adherence to that vow, notwithſtanding his penitence and promiſe of an honourable atonement, am I indebted in a great meaſure for the fatal conſequences which enſued.—There is, as Shakſpere tells us, "a tide in the affairs of men, (and why not of wo-"men?) which, taken at the flood, leads on to for-"tune."—But how are poor mortals to know when this ſucceſsful tide begins its courſe? Was it, indeed, to ruſh with the impetuous Hygra of the Severn, we may then be aſſured of its having taken place. But as it commonly flows in a gentle ſtream, and riſes by degrees, its advance is imperceptible.—The conſequence of which is, that being unnoticed by the greater part of mankind, particularly thoſe poſſeſſed of enlarged minds, the opportunity is "omitted, and all the voyage of their life is bound "in ſhallows, and in miſeries."

I will not pay ſo ill a compliment to *your* taſte, as to ſuppoſe the frequent quotations I make from my favourite Shakſpere, moſt of whoſe female characters I have filled, prove diſguſting to you; nor will I pay myſelf ſo ill a compliment, as to imagine you accuſe me of applying them improperly. They are ſo conſonant to my own ſentiments, and expreſſed in a manner ſo infinitely beyond the reach of my pen, that I cannot help making uſe of them whenever they occur to my memory, and appear to be apropos.

G. A. B.

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LETTER LI.

Nov. 29, 17—.

A Long chaſm in the proſecution of my narrative has taken place, contrary to my wiſhes. Troubles, vexation and illneſs, one the conſequence of the other, muſt plead my excuſe. I am, however, thank Heaven! ſo far recovered, as to be able to ſit up. I ſhall of courſe employ every hour that my aching head and aching heart will allow, in proſecuting the taſk I have undertaken. As I deſign my narrative for the inſpection of the public, as well as yourſelf, I ſhall continue it with as much ſpeed as poſſible; the ſooner to clear myſelf from the imputations

tations with which I have been undeſervedly loaded. Nor will I doubt, but when they are acquainted with the *real ſources* of my misfortunes, they will judge of them with more lenity, and give me credit for ſome good qualities which have hitherto lain hid under the miry incruſtations of ſlander.

My illneſs, from the agitations recounted in my laſt letter, obliged Mr. Roſs to poſtpone his benefit, at which I was to appear in the character of Juliet, and he in Romeo. Mr. Garrick, upon this, wiſhed him to change that play for one in which my preſence was not neceſſary. He at the ſame time hinted to me, that it would be degrading to my conſequence to appear with an inferior actor. But as I was always of opinion that the greater the conſequence of the performer the more incumbent it was upon them to aſſiſt with their abilities the community to which they belonged, I revolted at the idea, and by this generous ſentiment, increaſed the diſguſt which the manager already entertained for me.

For my benefit this ſeaſon I had the farce of the "Oracle," acted by Lilliputians, in which I introduced the juſtly celebrated Miſs Pope; whoſe character in private life, excels, if poſſible, her allowed merit on the ſtage.

Mr. Quin, hearing I was dangerouſly ill, came to town, at once to ſee me, and to complete an act of

generoſity, the recital of which, as it redounds ſo much to the honour of *my* worthy friend, claims a place here. He had performed, the ſeaſon before, the part of Falſtaff, for the benefit of his old acquaintance Mr. Ryan. This teſtimony of regard had the deſired effect; and the actor profited greatly by the exhibition. His ſucceſs upon this occaſion, induced Ryan to ſolicit the ſame favour this year. The application produced an anſwer from Quin, which, whilſt it is in the true laconic ſtyle, is rich in meaning; I ſhall therefore give it verbatim.

" I would play for you if I could; but will not " *whiſtle* for you. I have willed you a thouſand " pounds. If you want money you my have it, and " ſave my executors trouble.

*Bath, March* 1. " JAMES QUIN."

This inſtance of his friendſhip to an indigent contemporary, if poſſible, increaſed my eſteem for him. When he came to ſee me, I told him the ſituation of my mind; and found great relief from unboſoming myſelf to the good man. He adviſed me to be eaſy if I could not be happy. He entertained, I found, in common with every one elſe, a high opinion of Mr. Calcraft's probity and rectitude. And though he admitted that we were not congenial ſouls, yet it was in my power, he ſaid, as his affec-

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tion for me appeared to be great, to bring him to my bent.

This, I own, might have been the caſe could I have returned his paſſion; but with the indifference I felt for him, ſuch an effect was not to be expected. Mr. Calcraft and myſelf may be juſtly ſaid, to be *joined, not matched.* For, with a ſoul of fire like mine, and thoughts which out-ſtripped the wind, to be *happily* united to a being who was only ſenſible of the effects of paſſion, but totally unacquainted with the delicate ſenſations of an exalted affection, was a conſummation not to be hoped for.

A pure and delicate love, where "two fond hearts "in one unite;" without being refined into what is uſually termed *platonic* love, deviates not, however, into the contrary extreme.—A thouſand nameleſs pleaſures, which the merely ſenſual can form no idea of, conſtitute the happineſs of ſuch. A look, a word, a touch, conveys exquiſite ſenſations to the ſoul.—But their *ſupreme* pleaſure conſiſts in rendering the beloved object happy by *every* means in their power. Diveſted of each ſelfiſh thought, they make the happineſs of the perſon thus adored the medium of their own. And when the enchanted ſoul, by theſe intellectual enjoyments is elevated to a pitch nearly beyond humanity, enjoyments dependent on the ſenſes reſtore it by gradual ſteps to its wonted tranquil ſtate.

Such are my ideas of love; that is, of a ſincere and diſintereſted affection.—I doubt not but they will be termed *romantic*; as they are, to expreſs myſelf in the words of Shakſpere, (which I have already applied to ſuſceptibility in general) " caviare to the " million."

To the indifference I entertained for Mr. Calcraft he was, however, indebted for the greateſt part of his fortune; for could he have inſpired me with a love for him, a mind active as mine, and ardent in its purſuits, would have been loſt in the ſweet delirium. In lieu of which I now bent all my thoughts on the duties of my profeſſion, and on promoting the emoluments of his. And I might be truly ſaid to ſuffer love, but not feel it.

It could not be expected that any of Mr. Metham's particular friends would notice me after what had paſſed. I therefore, for a time, loſt the friendſhip of Mr. Brudenell; he has, indeed, ſince done me repeated favours; but he never honoured me with a viſit, except juſt calling on me twice to render me ſome ſervices. Major Burton, Colonel Sandford, and Captain Shaftoe, were men of the world, and conſidered their own convenience more than their friend's romantic agonies.

Mr. Metham's deſpair made him form a reſolution of going abroad, to revenge my perfidy, as he term-

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ed it, on the whole ſex. He had made the graces his ſtudy, whilſt a *Cantab*, more than the claſſics; and leſt there ſhould be a tinge of college ruſt remaining, he had compleated his ſtudies at the Academie Royal at Paris. He was generous without being *liberal*. Being a perfect maſter, as the French expreſs themſelves, of the *du monde*, he knew perfectly well how to lay himſelf out to pleaſe. He at the ſame time poſſeſſed a tolerable ſhare of vanity, which prevented that falſe modeſty the learned are often addicted to. And though no great adept in the dead languages, he was ſo well verſed in the living, as to be able, when in company with ladies, to ſubſtite flowery fiction in the place of truth. With theſe attractions, aided by a fine figure and an elegant addreſs, he might well expect ſucceſs with the fair ſex; particulary with *les petite maitreſſes de Paris*. And I had ſoon the pleaſure to hear that he had dropped his handkerchief at the feet of the *Goſin*. This lady I had formerly intended to eclipſe by my tranſcendent talents, when I propoſed captivating the *Grand Monarque*. Inſtead of which I was now dwindled down into a paſſive, thoughtful, and (as I imagined) a good *wife*.

At the concluſion of the theatrical campaign, Mr. Calcraft took a little box at Twickenham, called Ragman's Caſtle, where we ſpent the Summer. His

affection ſeemed to be increaſed by my indifference. As I had loſt my two female friends by death, I had but few fair viſitants. When we were in town we ſtill lived in ſeparate houſes, as Mr, Digby (the late lord of that name) had an apartment in Mr. Calcraft's houſe in Brewer-ſtreet.

Mr. Garrick wiſhed to enter into an engagement with me for the next ſeaſon, in order to prevent Barry from having any female performer to play with him who could ſtand againſt Mrs. Cibber, whom he himſelf had engaged. Mrs. Woffington was returned from Ireland, but ſhe was out of his line of acting. Mrs. Cibber and I had contracted an intimacy of the moſt friendly kind. For, notwithſtanding the great marks of approbation I was honoured with by the public, whenever the merits of that lady were mentioned, I always ſpoke my real ſentiments, and acknowledged her indubitable ſuperiority.

Mr. Clutterbuck, an intimate acquaintance of the manager's, was deputed as ambaſſador upon this occaſion. He had power to offer me not only an increaſe of ſalary, but the parts of Juliet, Deſdemona, and Caliſta; which Mrs. Cibber condeſcended to reſign in my favour, to induce me to continue in the company. I however inſiſted on the article which at preſent ſubſiſted, and which was not yet expired, being given up, as it was now void by Mr. Garrick's having

having engaged Mrs. Cibber. When I had entered into this engagement, conſcious of the great ſuperiority of that inimitable actreſs, which I thought would throw me at an infinite diſtance, I had inſiſted on this circumſtance being particularly ſpecified in it.

The numerous patrons and patroneſſes who honoured me with their protection, and ſtill declared warmly in my favour, made my deſertion much feared by the patentees of Drury-Lane, and courted by the proprietor of Covent-Garden. With the latter at length I engaged, in defiance of the advice of all my friends, and the moſt earneſt ſolicitations of Mrs. Cibber. There ſeems to have been ſome evil genius preſiding over me during my whole life, which has fruſtrated every opportunity of doing well that offered in my favour. In this caſe, my determination was peculiarly ill-judged, as my continuing to play with Garrick would have improved me, and Mrs. Cibber's frequent confinements from indiſpoſition, which to my knowledge were real and not feigned, as repreſented, would have afforded me as many opportunities as I could have wiſhed for, of endeavouring to merit the indulgence which the public ſo laviſhly honoured me with.

Here I could load myſelf with cenſure, and that with the greateſt reaſon, for this injudicious conduct; and thereby anticipate the reflections which

will naturally ariſe in the minds of every one to whoſe knowledge it comes. I could likewiſe attempt an extenuation of it. I ſhall, however, only relate the fact, and add to it, by way of comment, an admonition againſt yielding to the dictates of ſelf-confidence, which generally chooſes wrong when oppoſed to the advice of unprejudiced friends.

At our return to town on the approch of the ſeaſon, Lord Digby being gone abroad, and Mr. Calcraft being fearful of the return of *the hot-headed Percy* from his tour, he prevailed upon me to reſide with him at his houſe. As I really thought it a duty incumbent on me to oblige him in every thing that lay in my power, I readily conſented. His fondneſs ſeemed rather to increaſe than abate, and there was every appearance of our paſſing our lives as quietly and comfortably together as old Darby and Joan did.

Upon my removal, he informed me of the amount of his income. I was greatly ſurpriſed when he mentioned the ſum, as it was not equal to my own, including my benefit, which was indeed incredible, and by my connection with him would in all probability be greatly augmented. He now aſked me what allowance I thought would be neceſſary for our joint houſe-keeping. Without making any calculation, I replied, one hundred guineas a quarter; to which he readily agreeed.

As

As it was ſo long ſince I received the bank-notes, and my unknown friend had never given me the leaſt hint by which I might know from whom they came, I thought I might now make uſe of the thouſand guineas. I accordingly did ſo. In the firſt place I paid every ſhilling that I owed. I then laid out the remainder in making an addition to my jewels. Thus free from every incumbrance, equipped with every elegance, and poſſeſſed of a great deal of plate, together with more diamonds than private gentlewomen grenerally are, I removed to Brewer-ſtreet, and became the domeſticated wife of Mr. Calcraft.

I have mentioned theſe particulars to let the world as well as yourſelf ſee, that when I entered into this family union with Mr. Calcraft, inſtead of owing any debts that I could want his aſſiſtance to diſcharge, I was clear of the world, and poſſeſſed of an income ſuperior to his own.—I cannot miſs this opportunity of repeating the aſſurances I gave you in my firſt letter, that my narrative ſhould contain nothing but real facts.—I once more aſſure you, that truth ſhall guide my pen through every page. And if I happen to miſrepreſent even the minuteſt circumſtance, it will ariſe rather from a want of diſcernment than of veracity.

G. A. B.

LETTER LII.

Jan. 12, 17—

MR. FOX continued at this time Secretary at War, in which employment neither any of his predeceſſors nor ſucceſſors have been held in greater eſtimation. He honoured me with his company often; and as I conſidered Mr. Calcraft's intereſt as my own, I made it my buſineſs to get acquainted with as many of the military as I could. In this I ſucceeded ſo well, that we had generally ſeveral officers of the firſt rank at our table.

General Braddock, to whom I had been known from my infancy, and who was particularly fond of me, was about this period appointed to go to America. From our intimacy he gave me his agency without my applying for it. Whilſt he was making the neceſſary preparations for his voyage, he was more frequently than uſual at our houſe. The evening before his departure he ſupped with me, accompanied by his two aids-de-camp, Major Burton (who had juſt loſt his much-loved wife and my darling friend) and Captain Orme.

Before we parted, the General told me he ſhould never ſee me more; for he was going with a handful of men to conquer whole nations; and to do this they muſt cut their way through unknown woods.—

He

He produced the map of the country, ſaying at the ſame time, "Dear Pop, we are ſent like ſacrifices "to the altar." The event of the expedition too fatally verified the General's expectations. On going away he put into my hands a paper, which proved to be his will. As he did not doubt my being married to Mr. Calcraft, from his apparent fondneſs for me, from the alteration in my behaviour, and from the preference I had given to him before Mr. Metham, he made *him* his ſole executor, leaving me only the plate which he had received as the uſual perquiſite from government on his nomination.

The ſeaſon at Covent-Garden theatre was attended with ſucceſs. It commenced with "Romeo and "Juliet." Upon this piece Mr. Rich ſeemed to build the moſt flattering hopes, ſaying, "I have the "Juliet now, as well as the Romeo." From the concourſe of people that crowded for ſeats, it appeared that he was not miſtaken. However, when I one night obſerved this to him with a great degree of pleaſure, he took a pinch of ſnuff, and turning upon his heel as if he was much diſſatisfied, made this ſhort reply, "Yes, Miſtreſs! but it is owing to "the *proceſſion*." Had I not had reaſon to believe that he had a ſincere regard for me, I ſhould have been offended at his oddity, but as it was it rather diverted me.

It

It can ſcarcely be credited that the bare croſſing the way (for it can be called no otherwiſe) from Drury-Lane to Covent-Garden, ſhould excite the timidity of a performer of my ſtanding. But it is really a fact, that notwithſtanding the favour of the public towards me was more vehemently ſhown than ever, by repeated applauſe; and though I retained my powers; I was under as ſtrong apprehenſions as when I firſt deputed it under Mr. Rich's auſpices in Monimia. I can only account for this extraordinary effect by ſuppoſing it aroſe from the conſideration of my now having a reputation to *loſe*, as at that time I had one to *gain*.

My pregnancy prevented this play from having an equal run with that which had attended it two ſeaſons before. Mr. Garrick tried to ſtem the current of our ſucceſs, by purchaſing a *new Bell* at an enormous expence; but finding that its harmonious notes during the proceſſion did not congregate the numbers he expected, he put it to a uſe which he was ſure would be attended with profit; that was, in tolling for the execution of Pierre, in the piece where he and Cibber excelled beyond a poſſibility of competition. During my confinement "Romeo and Juliet" was unavoidably obliged to be poſtponed, much to the regret of the manager. The laſt night of my performing, I could not help adviſing him to introduce

duce the proceſſion, which according to his opinion had been the ſole means of filling the houſe, into ſome other piece. When taking another pinch of ſnuff, he ſaid, "If I did not know to the contrary, "I ſhould ſuppoſe that the man in Brewer-ſtreet did "not lead the moſt eaſy life."

Mr. Rich had accepted a tragedy from Dr. Francis, entitled "Conſtantine." This gentleman I have mentioned before as the reputed * tranſlator of Horace, and the introducer on our ſtage of a French piece called "Eugenia," in which I had the honour to repreſent the heroine; but as that lady died away unnoticed, I had almoſt forgot that I had done ſo. With the world of gaiety, which I had lately left, I had relinquiſhed my taſte for dreſs, of which I had uſually been, at the theatres, the ſole arbitratreſs.

The character of the Empreſs Fulvia, which I was to play in the Doctor's piece, reminded me of my darling foible. And as I had a certain ſum allowed me by the manager to find my own dreſſes, I thought I would ſhew that I ſtill knew how to diſplay, upon proper occaſions, my genius in that line. I accordingly prepared to aſtoniſh and captivate all my beholders by the ſplendour of my Regalia. The piece

* I have been credibly informed, that this tranſlation was the production of Mr. Duncan.

had

had merit; but the ſimilitude between the ſtriking incident in "Othello," and that in "Conſtantine," was too conſpicuous.

We had, however, no doubt of its ſucceſs. For notwithſtanding "Eugenia" was but ſhort lived, yet as the author of it was known as the tranſlator of Horace, and Barry's name with all the ſtrength of the company was to ſupport it, we expected the curioſity of the public would be excited thereby.—However, to the great ſurpriſe of the whole theatrical corps, and to my great mortification, inſtead of a crowded houſe, we had the melancholy proſpect of empty benches; and the court of the great Conſtantine was attended only by his own immediate ſuit.—This was the firſt inſtance of the kind I ever knew or heard of, and to the preſent hour could never account for it.

Having been accuſtomed to be what is termed in the theatrical phraſe *followed*, I felt my vanity much hurt, and I determined to revenge myſelf upon the public, by providing for the neglected author. Accordingly I went to the Doctor, who ſat almoſt, if not quite, diſſolved in tears, for which the poor man felt another incentive than that of the diſappointment of his vanity, and requeſted the favour of his company to ſupper. As I knew Mr. Fox would be there, I was in hopes of having an opportunity of introducing

introducing the unfortunate author to him before the company met. The event turned out to my wiſh; for on our entering the drawing-room we found him there alone. I immediately introduced my reverend to him, and having informed him of our diſgrace, concluded with a requeſt that he would immediately provide for him. As I had never ſolicited him before for a favour, my enforcing my preſent ſolicitation ſo earneſtly made him ſmile. He replied that he could only make him his chaplain to-night, but deſired he would breakfaſt with him in Conduit-ſtreet the next day. Then taking our neglected bard by the hand, he concluded in the moſt complacent manner, by ſaying, "Well, Doctor! who knows but "your damnation as a play-wright, may be the "means of your promotion as a divine!"

The very morning which followed that night, put a ſtop for ſome time to my appearance in public, as well as to my great attention to the buſineſs of Mr. Calcraft's profeſſion, by the introduction of a daughter into the world. This event ſeemed of more conſequence to Calcraft than if he had been made maſter of the world. He imagined the Marmoſet to be already the very likeneſs of himſelf; and was in hopes that this pledge would inſure to him my affection in future. Lady Caroline Fox, Lady Tyrawley, and Mr. Fox, ſtood ſponſors in perſon. This circumſtance

cumſtance put the certainty of my being married out of all doubt, as it was not to be ſuppoſed that I ſhould have been ſo highly honoured had it been dubious. Indeed, it could ſcarcely be imagined that I would live upon any other terms, with a man who could not in any ſhape be put in competition with Mr. Metham, not only from the inferiority of his qualifications, but of his fortune, both in poſſeſſion and expectation; the one being poſſeſſed of a large eſtate and property, with further expectancies; the other wholly dependent upon the patronage of the Secretary at War.

When I recovered from my lying-in, Mr. Calcraft alarmed at a report that was ſpread of Mr. Metham's coming to England, requeſted that I would return the annuity he had ſettled on me; alledging the impropriety of a woman *that was to be his wife*, and whom the world as well as himſelf eſteemed to be ſo, having a ſettlement from any man but *himſelf*. To this I readily acceded. When he had received my conſent, he told me, that in return for my kind condeſcenſion, he would ſettle an eſtate * of one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, at Grantham, which he had juſt come into poſſeſſion of by the death of his grandmother, upon me for my life, and

* This deed was executed in the year 1752.

afterwards

afterwards upon my little girl Caroline Elizabeth.—He at the ſame time gave me his will; in which he left me the intereſt of eleven thouſand pounds in the funds, which he had accumulated whilſt he was paymaſter and contractor to the king's troops, during the rebellion in Scotland. A place he had been promoted to by the intereſt of Mr. Winnington, Mr. Fox's intimate friend.

In order to return the deed relative to Mr. Metham's annuity, I immediately ſent to Mr. Moore, a gentleman for whom I had the moſt ſincere regard, on account of his many amiable qualities, and who, from the firſt of our acquaintance, had honoured me with a reciprocal return. To this gentleman I delivered the writing, requeſting that he would return it into the hands of Mr. Metham, upon his arrival in England. But, from what reaſon I know not, this requeſt was not complied with. I can only impute it to the diſtraction of his thoughts.

Theſe were at this time unfortunately abſorbed by his affection for a married lady in Dublin. His enamorata had flattered him that ſhe returned his paſſion; and had promiſed, as her huſband was an inebriated brute, that upon their arrival in England, which was expected ſoon to take place, ſhe would go off with him to the continent. Some new attachment, however, proving more agreeable to her, ſhe

was

was induced to alter her intention, and ſhe wrote him word that ſhe had done ſo.

Mr. Moore received this affecting intelligence whilſt he was at dinner with a club of noblemen and gentlemen at the King's Arms Tavern in Pall-Mall. Not being able to ſtand the ſhock, as his paſſion, though an illicit one, had taken full poſſeſſion of his heart, he retired into another room, where, in a fit of black deſpair, he put an end to his exiſtence with a piſtol. The company hearing the report, haſtened to the place from whence it proceeded, and found him weltering in his blood. Lord Chedworth, who happened to be preſent, went to his lodgings, and ſealing up his writings and valuables, ſent to acquaint his neareſt relation with the dreadful cataſtrophe.—This perſon, who lived upon Ludgate-hill, being his next heir, took poſſeſſion of his effects, as he died inteſtate: and with him the writings relative to Mr. Metham's annuity continued, till my ſon, Captain Metham, came of age.

What made this event the more ſtriking to me was, that he had been at my houſe in the morning. And Mrs. Molloy, a lady from Dublin, being upon a viſit with me, we three had made a party for the evening, which was to commence early, that we might have a long *gamble*, as he termed it. Mrs. Molloy and myſelf accordingly returned from the Park,

Park, where we had been walking, ſooner than uſual, when, to my unfeigned grief and her great ſurpriſe, we were informed of the melancholy incident by the ſervant who opened the door to us. The poor fellow, as he told the ſhocking tale, ſhed tears; for as Mr. Moore almoſt lived in the family, and by the gentleneſs of his manners and his good-nature had endeared himſelf to every one in it, there was not a perſon belonging to it but what ſincerely lamented his loſs.

Thus through the coquetry of a woman, who was eſteemed by her acquaintance as a pattern of virtue, was ſociety deprived of one of the moſt accompliſhed and admired young men about town. His loſs was greatly regretted by every one that knew him, but by no one more truly than myſelf. For our friendſhip was of ſuch a nature, that I believe we neither of us ſcarcely entertained a thought, which was not communicated to the other, nor had a want that was not mutually ſupplied. At the ſame time, I declare, that I firmly believe he never indulged a wiſh which was inconſiſtent with the pureſt friendſhip for me. And with equal truth can I aſſert, that notwithſtanding his qualifications were of the moſt attractive kind, I felt for him only as a brother.

This nice diſtinction between friendſhip and love, as I have already obſerved with regard to every ſpecies

of ſuſceptibility, is beyond the comprehenſion of the *million*. And to them the aſſertion I have here made may appear to be devoid of truth. But a truly delicate mind, judging from its own purity, will readily conceive that a friendſhip might exiſt between two perſons of different ſexes, and be carried to the greateſt height, without being impured by a ſenſual deſire. From ſuch I doubt not but the foregoing declaration will receive the readieſt credit.

Doctor Francis, after the introduction I had given him, attached himſelf to Mr, Fox, but much more to his commis. For as lady Caroline's frequent indiſpoſitions prevented her from ſeeing much company, there was no table kept. And the Doctor being a *bon vivant*, and preferring a magnum bonum to his breviary, he fixed himſelf with a man with whom he was ſure of enjoying good living, and who had no objection to take a ſhare of it. I muſt here remark that both theſe gentlemau afterwards repaid their patron with the blackeſt ingratitude.

But indeed that great and *good* man never received any other return from thoſe he ſhowerd his favours upon. Mr. Fox's private character was truly amiable. He was one of the tendereſt huſbands, *too* indulgent a father, the beſt of maſters, and the warmeſt and moſt attached of friends. He was bleſt with penetration, wit, learning, and every ſocial virtue. But notwith-

notwithſtanding he poſſeſſed all thoſe valuable endowments, he could not eſcape the ſhafts of calumny, nor the ſtings of ingratitude, from thoſe ſerpents he foſtered in his boſom.

I cannot here help taking notice of an inſtance, among many, of this worthy man's fondneſs for his ſon, who juſtly makes ſo conſpicuous a figure in the political annals of the preſent times. The wall at the bottom of the lawn before Holland-houſe being to be taken down, and iron palliſades put up in its room, that the paſſengers on the road might have a better view of that fine antique building, it was neceſſary to make uſe of gunpowder to precipitate the work. Mr. Fox had promiſed Maſter Charles that he ſhould be preſent when the exploſion took place. But finding the workmen had compleated the fall of the wall without giving him notice, he ordered it to be rebuilt. And when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again, in order to keep his word with his ſon. He at the ſame time recommended it to thoſe about him, never, upon any account, to be guilty of a breach of promiſe to children, as by doing ſo they inſtilled into them an indifference with regard to the obſervance of their own promiſes, when they arrived at the years of maturity.

G. A. B.

LETTER LIII.

Jan. 22, 17—.

MR. RICH had been adviſed to revive Lee's tragedy of "Alexander," as the character of that hero would ſuit the powers and ſhow the perſon of Barry to ſingular advantage. The parts of the rival queens he judged would be likewiſe well filled by Mrs. Woffington and myſelf. The animoſity this lady had long borne me had not experienced any decreaſe. On the contrary, my late additional finery in my jewels, &c. had augmented it to ſomething very near hatred. I had during the ſummer given Madam Montete, wife of the hair-dreſſer of the time, who was going to Paris, a commiſſion to bring me from thence two tragedy dreſſes, the moſt elegant ſhe could purchaſe. I have already obſerved, that the proprietor allowed me a certain ſum to find my own habiliments.

My *chargee d' affaire* opened her credentials at Madam Bonſoy's, principal *marchand du mode* in that metropolis. I had requeſted this lady to conſult Brilliant, who would conſult Du Menil. She was likewiſe to take the joint opinion of all the people of taſte there, upon an affair of ſuch momentous conſequence. The revival of "Alexander" furniſhed me with an opportunity of ſhowing all my elegance in the character of the Perſian Princeſs.

My

My royal robes in which I had repreſented the Empreſs Fulvia, in Doctor Francis's "Conſtantine," to the great loſs of the public, had not been ſeen by them. They were ſhowy and proper for the character. But in theſe *robes de cours*, taſte and elegance were never ſo happily blended. Particularly in one of them, the ground of which was a deep yellow. Mr. Rich had purchaſed a ſuit of her Royal Highneſs's the Princeſs Dowager of Wales for Mrs. Woffington to appear in Roxana. It was not in the leaſt ſoiled, and looked very beautiful by day-light; but, being a ſtraw-colour, it ſeemed to be a dirty white by candle-light; eſpecially when my ſplendid yellow was by it. To this yellow dreſs I had added a purple robe; and a mixture ſo happy, made it appear, if poſſible, to greater advantage.

Thus accoutered in all my magnificence, I made my *entree* into the Green-room as the Perſian Princeſs. But how ſhall I deſcribe the feelings of my inveterate rival! The ſight of my pompous attire created more real envy in the heart of the actreſs, than it was poſſible the real Roxana could feel for the loſs of the Macedonian hero. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, almoſt burſting with rage, ſhe drew herſelf up, and thus, with a haughty air, addreſſed me: "I deſire, Madam, "you will never more, upon any account, wear thoſe "cloaths in the piece we perform to-night."

You are too well acquainted with my diſpoſition, and ſo I dare ſay are my readers by this time, to ſuppoſe this envious lady took the proper way to have her requeſt granted.—I replied, "I know not, Ma-"dam, by what right you take upon you to dictate "to me what I ſhall wear. And I aſſure you, Ma-"dam, you muſt aſk it in a very different manner, "before you obtain my compliance." She now found it neceſſary to ſolicit in a ſofter ſtrain; and I readily gave my aſſent. The piece conſequently went through without any more murmuring on her part, whatever might be her ſenſations.

However, the next night I ſported my other ſuit, which was much more ſplendid than the former.—This rekindled Mrs. Woffington's rage, ſo that it nearly bordered on madneſs. When, oh! dire to tell! ſhe drove me off the carpet, and gave me the *coup de grace* almoſt behind the ſcenes. The audience, who I believe preferred hearing my laſt dying ſpeech to ſeeing her beauty and fine attitude, could not avoid perceiving her violence, and teſtified their diſpleaſure at it.

Though I deſpiſe revenge, I do not diſlike retaliation. I therefore put on my yellow and purple once more. As ſoon as I appeared in the Green-room, her fury could not be kept within bounds, notwithſtanding one of the *corps diplomatique* was then paying

ing homage to her beauty; and, for the moment, made her imagine ſhe had the power of controul equal to a real queen. She imperiouſly queſtioned me, how I dared to dreſs again in the manner ſhe had ſo ſtrictly prohibited? The only return I made to this inſolent interrogation, was by a ſmile of contempt. It was not long before I had my plenipo likewiſe, the never-failing Comte de Haſlang, to whom I told the reaſon of my changing my attire, which was meant *par oblique* to her. Upon hearing which, ſhe immediately ſent for Mr. Rich; but that gentleman prudently declined attending her ſummons.

Being now ready to burſt with the contending paſſions which agitated her boſom, ſhe told me it was well for me that I had a *miniſter* to ſupply my extravagance with jewels and ſuch paraphernalia.—Struck with ſo unmerited and cruel a reproach, my aſperity became more predominant than my good-nature, and I replied, I was ſorry that *even half the town* could not furniſh a ſupply equal to the miniſter ſhe ſo illiberally hinted at. Finding I had got myſelf into a diſagreeable predicament, and recollecting the well-known diſtich, that

> He who fights, and runs away,
> May live to fight another day;

I made as quick an exit as poſſible, notwithſtanding I wore the regalia of a queen. But I was obliged in ſome meaſure to the Comte for my ſafety, as his Excellency covered my retreat, and ſtopped my enraged rival's purſuit; I ſhould otherwiſe have ſtood a chance of appearing in the next ſcene with black eyes, inſtead of the blue ones which nature had given me.

The next ſeaſon Mr. Foote profited by this behaviour of Mrs. Woffington, and produced a little piece, which he entitled, "The Green-room Squabble; or, a Battle Royal between the Queen of "Babylon and the Daughter of Darius." It may be ſuppoſed that after ſo public a rupture we never ſpoke. This taciturnity continued, till being upon her death-bed, ſome years after, ſhe requeſted to ſee me. She then informed me, that ſhe had once done me an intentional injury, by prevailing upon one of her lovers to ſhow Mr. Fox a letter of mine which had accidentally fallen into her hands, and the contents of which would admit of a different interpretation from what it was deſigned to convey. Her malicious intention had not, however, the deſired effect, as that gentleman and myſelf were not upon the terms ſhe ſuſpected, or at leaſt wiſhed to have thought. I own I could not refrain from being much ſurpriſed at the wickedneſs and meanneſs of

the

the intended injury. And though my humanity prompted me to forgive an offence which ſeemed to lie ſo heavy on her mind, I left the lady as ſoon as poſſible, to reflect upon the illiberality of ſuch a proceeding.

The play of the "Rival Queens" was very well ſupported, by Barry's excellence in repreſenting the Conqueror of the World. But the piece is compoſed of ſuch bombaſtic language, that even Mrs. Woffington's beauty, and my fine robes, added to Barry's excellence, would not have been productive of much advantage, had not Mr. Rich diſplayed his genius in the triumphal entry of the hero into Babylon. This he did with ſuch taſte and magnificence, that it excelled every thing of the kind I ever ſaw. And though it was attended with very great expence, the return made ample amends. Here, indeed, he might with great juſtice have produced his ſnuff-box, and cried, "It is my triumph."

At this period I met with a very ſevere loſs in being deprived of the company of the two Miſs Merediths; between whom and myſelf there had always ſubſiſted the moſt cordial intimacy. The younger of them being judged by the phyſical gentleman to be in a decline, ſhe was ordered to the continent; and her ſiſter attending her, they wiſhed me to accompany them. But I had ſo much buſineſs upon my hands

at this time, that my going was impracticable. For as I aſked all the officers of my acquaintance, who were likely to have a regiment, to make me their agent, I was obliged to remain on the ſpot, to be ready to claim their promiſe as ſoon as they were preferred.

Since I had been united to Mr. Calcraft I had obtained the agency of Sir John Mordaunt, and General Campbell (the late Duke of Argyle) excluſive of General Braddock's, already mentioned. I had further procured the promiſe of Colonel Honeywood (ſince General) who was upon the liſt for an Engliſh regiment. And I was as alert in endeavouring to acquire their agency, as Mr. Calcraft was in doing the requiſite buſineſs when honoured with it.

As to my own affairs, they claimed little of my attention. I left the management of them, with regard to money matters, ſolely to my Cook, whom I believed to be as honeſt in his principles as he was perfect in his profeſſion. We had company to dinner and ſupper every day, which conſequently was productive of an expence three times as large as what Mr. Calcraft *allowed* me. But as his affection ſeemed to experience no diminution, I did not harbour a doubt, but that as his buſineſs increaſed, an increaſe for which he was chiefly indebted to my aſſiduity, he would readily diſcharge any debts that ſhould

ſhould be contracted for the entertainment of thoſe by whoſe company *his intereſt* was promoted.

Mr. Fox generally honoured us with his company at dinner, as Lady Caroline ſeldom left Holland-Houſe: The late Lord Kildare being this winter in England, his Lordſhip generally attended Mr. Fox. The Marquis of Granby and General Hervey were either at breakfaſt, dinner, or ſupper, and ſome days at all three. To entertain ſuch gueſts required delicacies, and I piqued myſelf upon underſtanding a bill of fare as well as any *maitre d'hotel* in London.

My gentleman had purchaſed a place, which from the beauty of its ſituation was attracting, but it had its inconveniencies. It is called Holwood-hill, and is ſituated near Bromley in Kent. As he was ſubject to the gout in his head, he was always talking of dying. And indeed he had ſome reaſon to be apprehenſive, as his mother died young of the ſame diſorder. During theſe fits he uſed to ſay that he intended this ſeat for my daughter and myſelf; upon which account I ſpared no expence to clean and beautify it. What made me more partial to Hollwood was, that Lord Tyrawley had been once the owner of it.

Some years before Mr. Calcraft bought it, the houſe had been occupied by ſix gentlemen belonging to the Croydon hunt; as it lay adjacent to a wood

conſiſt-

conſiſting of ſeveral hundred acres, from whence the foxes were unearthed, and from which it takes its name. This induced thoſe gentlemen to erect offices and ſtables to it worthy of a better houſe; for it was old, and built after the ancient manner in apartments. It not having been tenanted for four years, I found it required nearly as much cleanſing as the Augean ſtable; for the houſe had as many inhabitants of the vermin kind as the gardens and ponds, which were overrun with weeds, had of frogs, toads, and other reptiles.

This made the taſk, which I had undertaken to ſee performed myſelf, not only troubleſome but expenſive. However, a fortunate circumſtance tended to accelerate it. There being in the cellar a great deal of curious wine, Doctor Francis, who, as I have before obſerved, loved his bottle, cheerfully afforded me his aſſiſtance to forward my Herculean labour. General Campbell ſent me a gardener, and ſupplied me with many ſhrubs and exotics from Combe-bank. He likewiſe favoured me with his advice how to lay out the ground, which conſiſted only of eleven acres. In the garden I built a hot-houſe, a ſucceſſion-houſe, a green-houſe, and an ice-houſe; and I compleated the whole of this complicated undertaking within four months; that is to ſay, from the beginning of February to the latter end of May.

This

This ſeat is four miles from Bromley, which is the neareſt market town to it. It is ſituated on an eminence, and commands an unlimited proſpect. On one ſide you can ſee London at fifteen miles diſtance, and on the other you have a moſt extenſive view of the adjacent country. The expedition with which I had rendered it completely habitable, excited the wonder of every one who heard of it, and obtained me their praiſes. Its ſituation ſo near town, however, made it an inn, without the uſual advantage ariſing from carrying in a bill in the morning. And as I was never without two or three, or more female viſitants, who were innocently cheerful, and witty without ill-nature, it muſt be ſuppoſed we did not want for the company of ſuch of our male acquaintance as loved ſociety, and wiſhed to taſte the Nepenthe that had procured me the Doctor's aſſiſtance.

The next year Mr. Calcraft took an adjacent farm, which was ſufficient to maintain the houſe. But for the preſent, Dr. Betts ſupplied me. This clergyman lived at a village called Caſton, about a mile from the wood; and, as he kept his tythes in his own hands, he was able to furniſh me with poultry and other articles. Mr. Calcraft had preſented me with ſix Alderney cows and a bull. And as he had ſecretly joined Mr. Shaftoe in his ſtud, we had a number of attendants

attendants belonging to the ſtable, which was not a diſagreeable circumſtance in ſo lonely a place.

At the end of the ſummer, I found that I had expended ſix hundred pounds here, notwithſtanding General Campbell had preſented me with all my curious plants and ſhrubs.

G. A. B.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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